

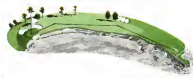
Sports Illustrated

FEBRUARY 22, 1965

35 CENTS

THE BEST 18 IN AMERICA

THE SECOND NINE



OLD FORESTER



tonight...serve the bourbon
that reflects your good taste

"There is nothing better in the market"



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The Ghia gets four-cylinder fuel injection, 115-hp, 1400 cc.

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The baggage area has always been the place where you first realized that you had come back down to earth.

(As if the speed of the jet age ended when the plane came in.)

So you may be interested in some steps we've taken.

First, we measured the distances you and your suitcase travel from the plane to the baggage area.

Then we choreographed our baggage handlers for every step of the way. (Yes, choreographed, just as in a ballet. We even had rehearsals for timing.)

Finally, we've manned our baggage crews for the heaviest traffic of the day—and kept the same number on duty all day long.

In fact, today you might say we're giving you just 3 minutes to get off the premises.

American Airlines

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A PHILADELPHIA TRAGEDY was enacted last summer by the Phillies. Now, in a new spring, William Leggett details their fabulous rise and explains their extraordinary collapse.

BIG JULIE AND ERNIE are characters out of real life, not *Gays and Dolls*. Julie handles manager Heavyweight Ernie Terrell, and they are the best. Just ask them. **Tex** Made it.

THE ROUND HOUSE has always appealed to railroads and Eskimos, but now it is being adapted to many uses for sports. A photographic report on two remarkable sporting "houses."

"Since when do you drink Bourbon?"

"Since I tasted Jim Beam"



Understandable.

The taste of Jim Beam is distinctive. Light, mild also straightforward and honest. The smooth, fine taste of Jim Beam Kentucky Straight Bourbon always comes through.

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For six generations (176 years), one family, one formula . . . The World's Finest Bourbon Since 1795.

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Sacré bleu!

It took those sophisticated French to finally come up with the first worthy replacement for the DC-3.

Those French! They've always been best known here for exports that come in drams, fifths, yards, and hikinis. Yet, now they've come up with one measured in tons and miles—the new NORD 262, first worthy replacement for America's old reliable DC-3.

Anything the DC-3 does, the prop-jet NORD does newer. It gets you there faster, and more comfortably. It's air conditioned. Pressurized. Boards on the level. According to the U.S. Civil Aeronautics Board, the NORD 262 is a new aircraft "especially suited" for short haul routes of the type Lake Central flies to 50 mid-central U.S.A. cities. Which is why Lake Central is the first U.S. airline to engage this new French beauty.

Lafayette, we are here! Also Indianapolis, Cleveland, Wheeling, Baltimore, etc., etc., etc.

There's a Nord in your future
LAKE CENTRAL AIRLINES 

BOOKTALK

Bob Cousy's basketball memoir relives the delights and anxieties of his career

Bob Cousy, formerly of the Boston Celtics and now head basketball coach at Boston College, bathes in superlatives. He was the best all-round little man—at 6 feet 1½ inches—in pro basketball and the best playmaker. His passes to Tommy Heinsohn and other teammates thrilled the crowds as much as an actual basket being sunk by a Hank Luisetti or a Bill Sharman (he enjoyed making a pretty pass as much as a score, anyway). He played in every NBA All-Star game. The most respected player in the league, he successfully battled with the owners to set up a players' association and a pension plan. He was pro basketball's representative when President Eisenhower assembled the country's foremost athletes to discuss a national physical fitness program.

Not unrespectably, he has written—with Edward Linn—an excellent book about his 11 years in the game. It is *The Last Loud Roar* (Prentice-Hall, \$5.95). The book, which takes Cousy and the Celtics through the sixth and final game of the 1963 championship series with the Los Angeles Lakers, is written in stream-of-consciousness fashion—a device that allows Cousy to slip easily into reminiscence, state some strong opinions and demonstrate cynicism about certain aspects of professional athletics. He makes a few confessions, sings paeans of praise for players like Larry Costello (then with Syracuse) and Celtic teammates Heinsohn, Tom Sanders, Sam Jones, K. C. Jones and Bill Russell. He also tells anecdotes about the explosive Celtic coach, Red Auerbach, passes judgment on obvious lies and an occasional puerile referee and explains his philosophy about playmaking, game preparation and the behind-the-back dribble. The overriding message is that the player's lot is not always a happy one and that Cousy could not have saved the pressures for one more minute. He speaks of the sound of Russell's reaching serving as counterpoint to Auerbach's pregame instructions, of the tie and the jumping nerve under his arm that he, Cousy, developed, of the nightmares he had that found him running around his room at night, clutching through a screen door and crouching naked in the woods. He wound up tying himself to the bed. He consulted a psychiatrist, who told him he had an anxiety complex and put him on tranquilizers.

There were compensations, of course—the victory skunk of the Celtics under his leadership, the respect the Celtic players developed for each other, the burgeoning popularity of the professional game and the personal satisfaction he always felt when a play was perfectly executed.

—Rex Lasker



Ski lesson: Point tips downhill. Bend knees. Go! Where? Straight to the nearest glass of Schlitz.

real gusto
in a great light beer



The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous
Simply because it tastes so good.



American sports cars all look alike. '65 CORVETTE

Corvette is America's one true sports car—has been for years.

But Corvette is also two body styles. Five engines and three transmissions available. Plus enough other equipment you can order to make any kind of sports car you want.

For aficionados, there's the snarly Corvette. Ordered with a 375-hp Ramjet fuel-injected V8, 4-speed fully synchronized shift, Positraction, cast aluminum wheels, special goldwall tires, genuine wood-rimmed steering wheel, telescopic steering column,

special front and rear suspension and special exhaust system.

For boulevardiers, there's the plush Corvette. Ordered with a 300-hp V8, Powerglide, power brakes, steering and windows, tinted glass, genuine leather seat trim, AM/FM radio, and air conditioning.

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Every Corvette gives you 4-wheel disc brakes, fully independent suspen-

sion, retractable headlights, and a sumptuous bucket-seated interior as standard. At a very reasonable price compared to any car near its class.

Now you know why America has only one sports car; with all those different Corvette versions, who needs any more?

Corvette Sting Ray



Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan



"You don't have to be a millionaire to play like one."

Walter Hagen

STRIDE down the fairway with pride when you carry a new Haig Ultra® wood or iron. With a Haig in your hand you can feel the sensitive balance, delicate touch and powerful response that never vary within the set. Each club is perfectly balanced because the flex of its shaft is individually matched to the weight of its club head. Each wood is hand-finished in bold Presidential Black. Each iron is polished to a gleaming, jewel-like finish. Swing a set of Haigs today. They cost no more than the next best clubs. And they're a great way to lord it over the fairways.

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SCORECARD

FOOT IN THE GOAL

Two recent fights in Madison Square Garden drew so well and were so stirring that there has been good reason to hope for a revival of prize fighting now that it is free of television's insatiable demands. The networks, presenting as many as three fights a week, saturated the market, destroyed the small clubs where fighters learn the trade and then walked away from the sport. Now it is five months since the last of the networks stopped presenting weekly bouts. During that period evidence has grown that shrewd matchmaking plus the fans' hunger pains could bring back the good old days. The Floyd Patterson-George Chuvalo fight drew 19,100, packing the Garden. The Luis Rodriguez-Rubin Carter bout drew a very respectable 10,806.

But let us not be too hopeful. The Patterson-Chuvalo go was so exciting that CBS-TV bought the rights to present all 12 rounds of it on video tape last Sunday afternoon. If boxing revives, can television, which all but killed it, be far behind? Will fight promoters, who know the recent history of their sport better than anyone, be so greedy and shortsighted as to let the networks back into the game? Chances are they will.

THE SIX EYES HAVE IT

After a season of experimentation, Ed Norris, basketball coach at St. Edward's University in Austin, Texas, is convinced that three heads are better than two in officiating basketball games.

As far back as 1952 Norris wrote a master's degree thesis on the three-official system. And this year he has used three officials at most St. Edward's home games. He feels he has now exploded some old myths about the system.

One objection has been that three officials would slow the game by calling too many fouls, but Norris has found that actually fewer fouls are called.

"When a player realizes that an official has a good view of every play," he explained, "he's more careful, leaving more daylight between him and his man."

Further, he believes that older and

thereby more experienced officials will be able to stand the pace of the game better under the three-official system and so contribute the benefit of their proficiency for years longer.

During his thesis research Norris experimented with a system of "three men officiating but with two-man mechanics." With only one official on the court, the other two manned platforms at each end. It provided fine officiating, he contends, but fans complained that the platforms, nine feet high, obscured their view. Norris suspects that their real objection may have been elimination of many excuses for booring officials.

"After all," he noted, "that put the officials in at least as good a vantage point as the spectators."

THE PRICE IS WRONG

Within the past few weeks several sealed envelopes from baseball club owners have arrived in the New York office of Commissioner Ford Frick, each containing the name of his possible successor. Although everyone is sworn to secrecy, rumors are circulating that among those nominated are Bill Shen, the man given credit for returning National League baseball to New York, Anthony Celebrezze, Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, Richard Nixon, Kenneth Keating and Byron (Whizzer) White.

One of the next commissioner's first functions will be to negotiate a new television contract for the World Series and All-Star Game. Baseball's current five-year, \$4 million-a-year contract for both the Series and the All-Star Game expires in 1966 and some owners have long thought that Frick sold those rights too cheaply. (The NFL playoff game, for instance, recently sold for \$1.8 million.) Television ratings for major sporting events during 1964 indicate that the World Series drew five of the top six audiences as estimated by A. C. Nielsen. The final game of the Series topped everything and that game was played on a Thursday afternoon—certainly not prime TV time.

The new commissioner will have some

pretty good arguments. The top 15 rated sports shows in millions of homes reached during 1964 were: 1) seventh game of World Series 24.3, 2) fourth game 23.4, 3) Rose Bowl 22.4, 4) third game 21.4, 5) sixth game 21.4, 6) fifth game 19.4, 7) Pro Bowl 19.2, 8) Orange Bowl 18.3, 9) first Series game 18.3, 10) Sugar Bowl 18.2, 11) Runnerup Bowl 17.9, 12) second Series game 17.6, 13) NFL Thanksgiving Game, Green Bay vs. Detroit 17.6, 14) Cotton Bowl 17.0, 15) East-West football 16.8.

The NFL playoff game, for some reason, was not included in the Nielsen ratings as released, but it probably ranked high in the first five.

A MOVEABLE FLEECE

Legendary Atlantis was a Utopian island of peace and plenty. It disappeared into the sea. New Atlantis was, at last sighting, still afloat. The Caribbean's latest island republic, new nation of the week, is dedicated to pleasure and profit and plans to finance itself by the sale of postage stamps. Its monetary unit is the Seruple, because people with scruples are nice. Citizens are required to be gregarious because New Atlantis measures 8 feet by 30. Population: seven.

"We can stand up, walk around and salute the flag, all of which we do periodically," reports President Leicester Hemingway, who was elected by unan-



animous vote. The vice-president, Lady Pamela Bird (yes, New Atlantis has a Lady Bird), is a British subject, holding dual citizenship. President Hemingway claims recognition from the U.S. After dedicating the nation's first postage stamp to "Lyndon Baines Johnson, protector of the entire free world," he got a thank-you note from the White House, and it was addressed to him in

continued

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What would happen if you should die without a will?

New free booklet shows how a will can prevent hardship and heartache

There are few subjects less understood—yet more vital—than the need for having a will. Now New York Life offers an informative booklet, approved by the American Bar Association, to answer your questions on this basic need. It shows how a simple, inexpensive but legal will can save your rightful heirs from costly, drawn-out court proceedings, even poverty.

Without a will, you can't be sure. Having talked with legal experts around the country, the booklet's author, prominent journalist Lester David, points out that only by having

a proper will made can you be sure your intentions will be faithfully carried out. He also discusses the role of your executor, and gives helpful hints on changing your will in the future. In particular, he stresses that the stakes are big and the cost is small.

Get your free copy! No matter how young you are or how small your estate, you should definitely take this vital step and have an up-to-date will drawn by your lawyer. You'll find this

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Even big game hunters? Sure! But moving to a new job in a strange new city is an exciting adventure, too. United makes it a safer, more pleasant adventure. ■ How? With personalized "Pre-Planning", time-saving tips from United's consultant Bette Malone and safe delivery in the world's only Sanitized® vans. ■ So... go ahead! Be bold as you please—but let United take care of the "getting there". ■ Call today for a free estimate. We're under "MOVERS" in the Yellow Pages. ■



MOVING WITH CARE EVERYWHERE

SCORECARD

cure of the Republic of New Atlantis.

Hemingway not only founded the nation, he built it. It is constructed of bamboo and moored to a promontory on the ocean floor by 50 feet of cable, the axle and wheels of a railroad car, an old Ford motor block and some scrap metal. It floats 6½ miles south of Jamaica on what Hemingway hopes is the open sea. After building it he claimed the northern half of the island for the U.S.

An outdoorsman and writer, Hemingway financed his island out of the proceeds of his latest book, a biography entitled *My Brother, Ernest Hemingway*.

EYES RIGHT, LEFT, RIGHT, LEFT

The trouble with being a stock-car racing fan is that you may develop lateral nystagmus, according to Dr. A. A. Monaco, chief physician at the Daytona International Speedway. Nystagmus is a constant involuntary movement of the eyeball.

It develops, says Dr. Monaco, because the fan stays in one place and moves his eyes to pick up a car coming down the track, then follows it from one side to the other of his visual field. After he does this for three hours or so the eyes get into a rut and the next thing he knows they are going from side to side whether a car is coming or not.

The treatment? Well, a sedative helps, and so do blinders.

DUCK BILL

As most duck shooters know, the future of North America's waterfowl populations depends largely on preserving the natural wetlands where ducks nest and raise their broods. Ducks and wetlands have suffered mightily over the years from drought and from agricultural drainage. Waterfowl conservationists can do little about drought, but they can save ducks by saving their breeding grounds. With this in mind, Congress four years ago authorized a seven-year loan of \$105 million to the Bureau of Sports Fisheries and Wildlife to acquire prime breeding grounds in the U.S.—mostly in the Dakotas and in Minnesota—as well as refuges along the four U.S. flyways. But because of loopholes in the act, only \$25 million has so far been appropriated and only 12½% of the proposed 2.5 million "duckland" acres has been acquired.

Neither under the Migratory Bird Treaty Act of 1918 nor any act since has Congress authorized the spending of

continues



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Satisfy your smoking taste
with **MADISON** Little Cigars
...even without inhaling!



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federal funds for waterfowl conservation outside the nation's borders, though up to 80% of the continent's waterfowl population breeds in Canada.

The obvious solution, says Senator Roman L. Hruska of Nebraska, is to spend some of the government's emergency wetlands acquisition funds in Canada, "where they will do the most good," and where they would supplement funds that Canada itself and Ducks Unlimited are spending to acquire and improve wetlands. It is not a new idea, but the important thing is that Senator Hruska has gone so far as to introduce the proposal in bill form in the U.S. Senate. The return on such an investment would be, ultimately, more ducks for American shooters, which is exactly what the government has been trying to get, with little success, for a long time.

REQUIEM FOR THE KNUCKLER

There has been apprehension that baseball, as it will be played in Houston's new domed and air-conditioned stadium, may be affected radically by being played under too-perfect, unvarying conditions. Be assured that nothing will change. The curve will still curve, the knuckler will knuckle, the slider will slide. All this was established at a batting and pitching preview last week.

In late afternoon twilight, players did have trouble following the flight of the ball against the dome's steel struts and plastic skylights. "But when the lights come on," said Outfielder Rusty Staub, "it's better than hitting outside."

Last season the Astros—then the Colt 45s—were the weakest hitting team in the National League. After Outfielder Al Spengler, first to swing a bat during the preview, popped up, Publicity Director Bill Giles explained that it was the first time in four months that the players had swung a bat.

"I can't tell the difference," an observer said.

DAY AT THE RACES

An all-round average fellow who plays a lot of friendly poker one night a week and has been known to place modest wagers on dogs and horses, Dick Drysdale never has been much of a winner. On the other hand, he never has lost much. He bets little. But on a sunny afternoon last week at Sunshine Park, near Tampa, Drysdale walked off with \$1,222.20. All he had done was pick the

winners of all 10 races, including the daily double and twin double.

More astute and during gamblers cringed when they heard of Drysdale's luck, since it warranted his winning tens of thousands. But, except for the final race, on which he plunged a wild \$20 bill, he never bet more than \$10. His \$2 on the daily double paid him \$106.20. The same sum on the twin double brought him \$833. The rest he ground out on \$5 and \$10 bets, with his highest price, on Kelly Jeanne, just 7-1. He picked Kelly Jeanne because a friend had a daughter of that name. For that matter he picked Mr. Bubbles, who paid even money, because his daughter likes a TV commercial about bathing a baby in a bubble bath.

Driving out to the track, Drysdale joked to his wife that if he won the first race he would let the money ride straight through on the rest of the card. If he had, let's see now . . . Oh, its astronomical.

APACHES RESCUE CUTTHROATS

Over the years since the white man landed on these shores, the Indian has watched the decimation of the buffalo and the extermination of the passenger pigeon, not to mention a certain attrition of the Indian population. Only recently has the paleface begun to do anything effective about saving threatened species. He generally comes late upon the scene.

So, with no reason for confidence in the white man's ability to preserve any species, including perhaps his own, the White Mountain Apache Indians of Arizona are taking it upon themselves to rescue from race suicide a rare variety of cutthroat trout on their reservation. This trout hybridizes all too easily with rainbow trout when they come upstream on spawning runs and thereby has been rapidly losing its identity. Now the tribal council has voted to spend its own meager funds to block several streams and thus head the rainbows off at the bend, so to speak. It is possible that the new Job Corps or other federal works programs will provide aid, but the Indians are not standing around waiting for it.

THEY SAID IT

• Jim Piersall, Los Angeles Angel outfielder, on his teammates: "The Angels are the first team I've ever been on where I feel I belong. They're all nuts, too."
• Louis Riquie, Fair Grounds groom, asked if he bet on a horse he admitted doping: "No, sir. I didn't know if it would make him stop or go."

END

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BRUTES, BRAWLS AND

No matter how much chrome and polish they give it, stock car racing remains an unpasturized, purely savage American sport. Probably nothing has approached it in brute excitement since the days of bare-knuckle boxing, and there is currently no spectacle so wonderfully awful as those big cars in full cry. In the South, racing the stock cars is a rite of early spring staged at mud-spattered backwood tracks—but it is

staged most grandly at Florida's Daytona International Speedway. The Daytona 500 is the fastest and richest, the fiercest and biggest race of them all.

Last Sunday afternoon 84,200 people jammed Daytona's track in an atmosphere that somehow combined the moods of a church picnic and a four-alarm fire. There were earnest preliminaries designed to improve the image: bands played brassily, scores of podgy-

WALTER DODGE JR.



Speed and power on Daytona's steeply banked track are exemplified in the 175-mph zooms

BOOSTERS

America's gaudiest sport drew a huge crowd to the Daytona 500. Ignoring the verbal shoving in the wings, these fans of raw racing enjoyed a rip-roaring bash **by BOB OTTUM**

legged high school drum majorettes strutted, celebrities were introduced, there was a solemn invocation and a cannon boomed in the infield. But when the 43 racing cars started around the grandstand turn in a glinting, growling parade, the scene instantly became one of raw power.

In the past few months Grand National stock car racing has been shot through with technical disputes, movi-

ly over engines and the dominant role played by Detroit's factory teams. Rules were changed, and there were dire warnings that the flap over specifications was spoiling the sport. Chrysler Corporation pulled out with its hot Plymouths and Dodges, and half a dozen of the country's best drivers—including Richard Petty, the defending 500 and national stock car champion—found themselves with no ride at all. But such squabbles

have a way of wearying the public, whose main interest still lies in watching the cars go. If it was true on Sunday that some of the best cars and drivers were out of it, it also was true that some of the best cars and drivers were *in* it. And the 1965 race proved something important: that the squabblers should learn, there will always be hub-cap lawyers to argue over engines, but there will also always be stock car

Continued



of 500 winner Fred Lorenzen (left) and Ned Jarrell. The chilling penalty for pitman is seen in a high-velocity sideways slide by Earl Palmer.

racing. They had best get back at it.

The Daytona crowds came to see racing, and Sunday's show gave them everything—in the space of a few frantic southern hours. In the motorized scramble for the \$28,600 first-place purse—and an overall package of \$141,165—43 cars rumbled away in sunshine and 24 cars finished in driving rain. The race was called at 332½ miles, and when the survivors braked to a stop in front of the grandstand there was not an unbent bumper in sight. The infield staging area looked like the waiting room for a body-repair shop. When the race was declared over, Ford had first and third place—and virtually everything else. Sasser Mercurs finished second and fourth.

Daytona's two-and-a-half-mile track is a four-lane superhighway tilted up at a 31° pitch around the corners. There is a fifth lane around the inside for slow-pokes. Nobody uses it. The track is a bobsled run done in blacktop.

In the first laps of the race six cars shouldered down the lanes meant for four, all rolling at better than 160 mph, weaving, slipstreaming, striking back-streetch sporks from steel against steel.

By the end of 50 laps Ford Driver Marvin Panch was leading, Ford Man Bobby Johns, Ford Man Freddy Lorenzen and Ford Man Ned Jarrett were in close line behind. At the 80-lap mark the rain started, and the average speed dropped to 149 (Richard Petty, at that same point a year ago, had been averaging 172 in a Plymouth.)

Lorenzen took the lead on the 119th lap—a lead he held fiercely and skillfully on a wet track until the race was called. Standing in the rain beside his car, he pointed to the dashboard. There, painted in script, it said, "Think, W.H.M." "It means 'Think. What the heck's the matter?'" said Lorenzen. "I have a tendency to charge too much in races. This helps slow me down."

In the aftermath of the race, with wisps of hysteria and exhaust smoke still hanging low over the track, Ford Motor Company could find satisfaction but not the joy of conquest. Ford still faced the critics' question of whether or not it could beat Chrysler in an engine-to-engine showdown.

The question will not be answered soon. During the week, the National Association for Stock Car Auto Racing issued new rules for 1966: Chrysler's hemi-head engine—the redoubtable King Kong—is,

in effect, still barred by a rule which says a NASCAR engine must be a generally available production item. Ford, which had grumbled a little before—its so-called high-riser racing engine was barred along with the King Kong—but had elected to stay in NASCAR racing in a big way, was obviously prepared to continue at maximum revs. But now Ford is expected to get competition from the cars of mighty General Motors, which is said to have an engine meeting new specifications.

That would be just fine with William Henry Getty France. By Sunday night, rich in attendance and hamburger and beer money, Bill France was the one superwinner at Daytona. He is the man who started the engine dispute, who got it going splendidly and then stepped aside to hold the coats of the major participants. This strategy works as neatly for France in America as it does for Charles de Gaulle in France. The parallel is not unreasonable: France is a tall (6 feet 4), shambling, imperious bear of a man. He is the originator and boss of the speedway, the originator and absolute ruler of NASCAR, and he rises up calmly out of the storms he creates. Once a service station operator, once a racer he drove in the 1930 Mexican Road Race and wound up in a ditch in San Cristobal Las Casas, France knows his sport well and has kind of people better. His track is a \$6.5 million monument to speed, and his annual race is clearly the best. Serene in that knowledge, France now spends his off-racing days rubbing automobile manufacturers together.

"Stock car racing," France said one afternoon last week, plopping huge, rubber-tired shoes on his desk, "has in recent years been in danger of being taken over completely by the big, wealthy companies. Cost of engines crept up from \$1,000 to beyond \$2,200. Manufacturers were constantly changing them—and on short notice—and turning out special engines to dominate racing. Well, all this interest is fine, but racing is for everyone. The little independent stock car racers were being forced out of the picture."

For 1965 racing, France wrote a set of rules last October specifying that engines had to be in volume production—not limited, one-of-a-kind specimens. It was, to his way of thinking, the way to return a piece of the sport to the back-country racing mechanics who still come roaring out of the garages in every small

town south of the Mason-Dixon line.

"My espionage tells me that these rules are popular within the industry," he said. "And I think that in 1966 you will see more makes of cars back on the track."

France's network of secret agents may have been listening at the wrong factory keyholes.

"Ridiculous. This is ridiculous," snapped Ronnie Householder, who heads up racing activities for Chrysler. "I don't think we are ever going to get together again. Now, look here: The idea of racing is to go fast. Right? It is elementary."

(Householder cars have done that well enough. In the 1964 race his Plymouth cars and drivers finished in one-two-three order. And then came a Ford in fourth place. Paul Goldsmith's Plymouth King Kong had qualified at 174.91 mph, a track record, and Petty had won the race at an average speed of 154.3 mph, another record.)

"Engine restrictions, my foot," Householder growled. "I can't see where people will come out to watch cars run 150 miles an hour when they know there are cars that can go 175. Go fast. That's the idea."

"Another thing France's rule about engines in volume production. I would like to point out that the Chrysler Corporation would like to decide for itself how many engines it is going to build and does not need any instructions from NASCAR."

But if the 1965 regulations upset Chrysler's man in racing, the new 1966 edition turned him purple. Among other things, France wants a spot check of engine production lines. Engine assemblies, he decided sweepingly, should cost no more than \$1,000 or so—a sum France considers quite large enough for any independent to put under the hood. The hooker comes in a new France idea to keep the big companies honest. All Grand National races next year will, in effect, be claiming races, he has decreed. For a \$2,000 deposit, posted with France before the race, one competitor can claim another competitor's engine. And Householder, known in every racing garage in the country as a man who puts something special into each engine, made it clear he does not like the idea. "I am not in the habit," he barked, "of building engines and then passing them around."

Meanwhile, Ford people stood around the speedway in company blazers and

winning smiles and took the news levelly. It was the look of a company whose engines currently fit into all the patterns cut by NASCAR. John Holman, who is round and tough, and rich from assembling racing cars for Ford, said, "All competitors are racing under the same rules. Ford engineers have put as much horsepower into our engines as you can get. We simply pull the engines off the production line. They are all built on the same line that turns out the car that dear old Mother drives to the store. Look, \$1,225 can buy one. The only difference is that our drivers have mechanics who feel they can tweak the end of a sparkplug better than anyone else can tweak it."

Angrily absent from the race, Chrysler was doing a little tweaking of its own down the road a ways. Far back in the thick, wet Florida woods, out beyond the bright night lights of Daytona Beach, on an abandoned, crumbling and grass-pocked airstrip, drag racers in furious cars that ripped the night with noise were conducting their own version of Daytona Speed Weeks. Screaming crowds clustered along an improvised wire fence to see Richard Petty, the

champion stock car driver, Petty, who earned a \$35,300 purse in winning the Daytona 500 last year and \$98,810 in cash across a winning season, gave the affair the touch of big time it needed. His car was new: a raking Plymouth Barracuda, powered by Chrysler's forbidden hemi engine. On its side was painted **OUTLAWED**. Petty was making \$1,000 a night.

"Oh, I've had offers from practically everybody to drive for them, to change sponsors," said Petty. "But I've been with Chrysler a long time, and I intend to stay with them. I'm just drag racing now because a guy has got to do something to stay in business."

"When we were stock car racing only, we sat around and put all our eggs in one basket," Petty explained. "Then we got the basket pulled out from under us."

"Drag racing is all right," he said. "The money I make here is mostly profit, all right. But there isn't that excitement."

For his excitement Petty spent his days at the Daytona track watching the accepted cars race. "It costs me about \$500 just to stand here and watch these things," he said. "That would be the money I could make if I just started."

He sighed. "I don't know how much longer this ban will go on, but we're trying to get Chrysler and NASCAR back together before the year is over. I don't know how it's going. One day it looks pretty good, and then another day it looks awful."

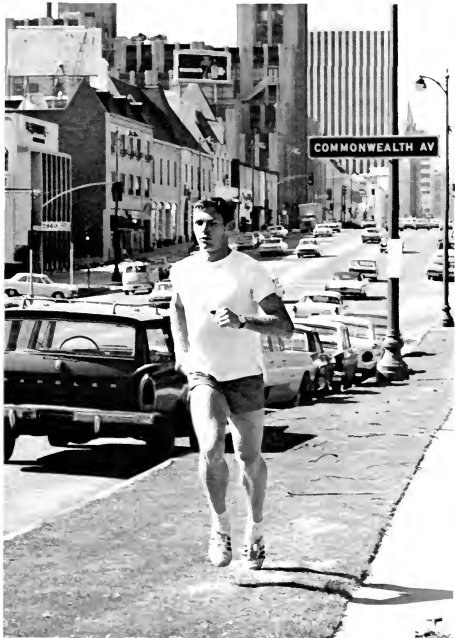
"This Ford domination," he said, watching the Fords go by, "is hurting stock car racing. Most of the people come to see one make of car beat another make of car. You know how it is. People like to stand around the store or filling station and argue about cars. Who can beat who, and that kind of stuff. But this year they got nothing to argue about. Now racing is down to where people got nothing to do but pull for maybe a blue car to beat a white car or a green car, because all of them are Fords."

It was clear that Plymouths were not in the running at the Daytona Speedway, but how were they doing back in the woods? Well, Petty was blowing everybody off the track nightly, including Atlanta's champion dragster, Hubert Platt. And what was Platt driving? "It just happened," grinned Petty, "to be a little old Ford."

END

Flaunting a hot hemi engine barred from 588, Stocker Champagne Richard Petty races at drag strip to help Plymouth express disgust at new rules.





FLAT OUT TO THRASH THE BLOKE

That, Peter Snell predicted, was how he would have to go to beat Bill Crothers in his final indoor race. But between training stints he shopped for sea lions and cultivated contacts for his coming retirement **by HUSTON HORN**

Peter George Snell, that very quick man from New Zealand, is of a mixed mind when it comes to indoor track meets. He likes the circus hubbub of it all and the mixing and milling of athletes, and he says that here he is in his element. But he reckons, too, that indoor records do not excite the mind a great deal, and he finds, moreover, that running races on the banked wooden track exerts stresses and strains on his legs and feet that he is neither accustomed to nor happy about. "As a long strider," he says, "you have all that bother of holding yourself tight in the turns and pushing with this leg and favoring that one, and I'm not keen on it at all. For me, one mile on the boards amounts to one and a half miles out of doors."

Notwithstanding this nettlesome ambivalence, a certain singleness of purpose seemed to have taken hold of Peter Snell one day last week when he knicked off early from work, boarded a plane at Auckland's Whenuapai Airport and, despite the peripheral effects of a cyclone in the Fiji Islands, set out for California, 19 hours to the east. His destination was Los Angeles where, in 1962, he had begun his indoor career by running 1,000 yards in two minutes and six seconds, a world record. And now, having competed only three other times indoors, Snell was coming back to retire. He said he supposed his aim in his last indoor appearance was to set a new world record for the 1,000 yards—"to give New Zealand something to hold on to for a while." Among those hoping very earnestly to upset that pretty little send-off was Canada's Bill Crothers. He had finished seven yards behind Snell

in the 1962 race—and about four yards behind him in the 800 meters at the Tokyo Olympics.

Because Snell had accepted the *Los Angeles Times*' invitation to its games—and not a single other U.S. indoor meet—his arrival in Los Angeles late Thursday afternoon amounted to something special. Snell, of course, had won two gold medals in Tokyo and had set an up-to-date record for the mile in November—3:54.1. His name on the list of contenders in Los Angeles certainly had had a lot to do with the fact that the Sports Arena had sold out the preceding Tuesday. Accordingly, the meet director himself, Glenn Davis, showed up at the airport to meet the celebrity.

Davis, old sidekick to Doc Blanchard at Army, old beau to Liz Taylor and old friend to Peter Snell, was looking weary, and he combed his hair as Snell's jet taxied up to Gate 29. Presently, looking bashful and carrying in a plastic bag a doped white and violet flower lei which he had acquired in Honolulu, Snell came smiling into view. He was wearing black, pointy shoes, light-gray trousers, a white nylon shirt with cloisonne cuff links which Sally, his wife, had bought for him in Tokyo for Christmas, and a black wool blazer with silver buttons and "New Zealand Tokyo 1964 Athletics" embroidered on the left-hand breast pocket. Around him, ever so faintly, hovered the delicate essence of wintergreen.

Snell and Sally, on a honeymoon-and-racing trip to California in 1963, had spent two weeks with the Glenn Davises, and Mr. Outside moved right up to Peter and shook hands. Then, a little diffidently, Miss Jean Greig came forward to

shake hands, too. Snell did not know Miss Greig, nor she him, but she is the acting New Zealand consul in Los Angeles, and somehow, well, it seemed the thing to do. "Wellington let me know to expect him weeks ago, but then I heard nothing more," said Jean Greig. "When I picked up the papers the other day and saw an advertisement for the track meet, I suddenly realized Peter must be almost here."

Miss Greig, answering a question, said Wellington was not a friend in sporting circles back home, but rather the capital of her country, and added that her function, she imagined, would "be to take care of Peter should he break his leg, heaven forbid." Snell, forcing a laugh of sorts, filled his lungs and said that what his legs really felt like doing was running. "Arriving in the U.S.—in California—is very refreshing," he said. "What time is it by your time?" asked Davis. "It's just past lunch tomorrow," replied Snell, larking.

A press conference had been scheduled for just before dinner Thursday at Snell's hotel, the Sheraton-West, which gives the meet's competitors a special rate. When Snell walked in for the conference, a photographer obliged him first to pose, in a gesture of Commonwealth solidarity, passing a plate of crusty sandwiches to Frances Sloop, a London high jumper, and Anita Webb, a Birmingham half-miler. That much accomplished, Snell sat down and the man from the *Times* said, "Peter, is it true you are really going to retire this year?" Snell, who is 26, said, "Definitely. I'll take one last fling through the U.S. and Europe this summer—maybe even go to Russia, I should like to hope—but that's to be it."

(Continued)

Day before race, an unrecognized Snell is Jane.pettestrian as he frots smirky along Los Angeles' Wilshire Boulevard during a half-hour workout.

"Will you ever run the 3:50 mile?" asked the man from the *Herald-Examiner*. "I thought so once," said Snell, "but now I don't know. It would be very tough."

"Why do you wish to retire?" asked the *Christian Science Monitor*. "To achieve results, you've got to spend so much time. If I had been beaten in the Olympics, perhaps . . . but I've quite a few records already. The Australians say, yeah, but you don't have the 1,500-meter record—Herb Elliott's got that. Maybe I can change that too. But, Sally, my wife, well, developing a family is among our plans, not children just yet, perhaps, but that too. It all figures in my decision to withdraw."

"Was winning two gold medals in Tokyo your greatest thrill in racing?" "It was the greatest achievement for me. Winning one, my first, at 800 meters in Rome, was my greatest thrill."

"Peter, when did you first realize you had the mark of greatness on you, that you were different from the other kids, and how did you differ from them, would you say?" "I would say you ought to buy my book. I'm working on it now with a writer and it will be out later this year, I hope. It will be my thoughts and experiences, intended for the popular market." "Won't a book like that, capitalizing on your athletic career, ruin your amateur standing?" "That's what I'm counting on," said Peter Snell, and Miss Greig, exhaling a cloud of smoke from her Rothmans cigarette (Snell works for Rothmans in Auckland), laughed along with the rest of the crowd.

Snell was then lured outside for a television interview on the sidewalk. "Who's this guy, a movie star?" asked Freddie Perez, a 10-year-old boy scout who had come chattering down Wiltshire Boulevard at that point on his skateboard. When, a few moments later, Snell had given the scout his autograph, Freddie picked up his skateboard and walked on air.

The urge to run was still with Snell, and he went to his room and began to unpack. His warmup shoes were wrapped in Wednesday's women's page from the *New Zealand Herald* and his toothpaste and electric razor were in a pink plastic pouch with blue forget-me-nots. "I pinched it from our bathroom without asking while Sally was off clerking in a bank. She quit before when I was training for the Olympics, but I have more

time now to help with the housework, and she has taken her old job to pay for the Tokyo trip," said Peter.

Once before, on his honeymoon trip to Los Angeles, Snell absently picked two warmup shoes, both for the right foot. Nothing daunted, he proceeded in track suit and barefoot from his hotel to Bullock's Wilshire, a fairly fashionable department store just up the way, and was fitted for tennis shoes. Snell has been married two years now. This trip the shoes belonged one to the other, and he donned them and several layers of shorts and T-shirts and sweaters and blousing trousers—an outfit which can be peeled away as one's exertions increase. Then he went into the park across the street from his hotel and, while Glenn Davis stood in the dark and cold, waiting to go for a steak, Snell ran the perimeter for 30 minutes, giving added zest to his last lap by hurdling all the trash cans. Snell's \$6.50 filet mignon, which was his reward, was fine, but the cup of tea he had with his chocolate sundae came with a tinfol bag. Annoyed by the very idea of it, Snell pried the miserable thing apart and wound up with a cupful of liquid leaves.

First thing Friday morning Snell had a breakfast of pancakes. "I'm doing this not because it's a good training breakfast but because it will make Sally furiously jealous," he said. "She will very nearly give her life for pancakes. One thing New Zealanders don't have—two things—are maple syrup and chocolate sauce. I mean, we have them but they're not fit for much."

Afterward, he began to discharge diligently a number of chores of curious variety—especially the first, the matter of the sea lions. "The mayor of Napier wants a couple and asked me to see what can be done," Snell explained. Napier, it develops, is a town of about 20,000 which has no sea lions and wants two semi-civilized ones for its new aquatic pool. And the mayor of Napier turns out to be a director of Rothmans tobacco. (Snell is employed in its advertising and publicity department.) Snell began by calling Marineland, a watery peep show not far from Los Angeles, and Marineland said the man you want is Richard Headley, in Santa Barbara. Mr. Headley catches and trains sea lions, and though he was out when Peter called ("Hello, my name's Snell, and I'm anxious to locate two semi-trained sea lions

for the Napier Aquatic Pool"), his secretary said that sea lions willing to eat out of a man's hand fetch \$110, exclusive of shipping, but why didn't he write a letter from New Zealand and Mr. Headley certainly would. . . .

"Sounds reasonable to me, \$110," said Snell, hanging up, and moved on from affairs of state to affairs of his own future. To that end he admitted to his room, for a private conference, a man who has some plans and schemes for his post-amateur future. "Endorsements and the like," said Snell, getting back into his track clothes, "but nothing yet very definite. I wonder if I've any commercial value?" And with that to perplex him, he crossed over again into Lafayette Park and, in the noonday sun, began to jog around it, past whitewashed Lafayette himself, past the woman grooming her German shepherd with a hairbrush, past the crossword puzzlers, the sleepers, loafers and basketball players, none of them paying the world-renowned Peter Snell the slightest mind. When he had run what he fancied was four miles, he sat on the grass, stretched out his awesome freckled legs, and talked some more about his future.

"When I retire I know it will disappoint a lot of people, and if I try to capitalize on my fame it will make them ashamed of me. They think of me, you see, as thus sort of clean-cut New Zealander who has no vices and can do no wrong. That's what really gets Sally annoyed. 'Oh, I could tell them a thing or two,' she will say. And now, in March, they're giving me the O.B.E. [Snell is already a Member of the Order of the British Empire, and the O.B.E., making him an Officer in the hierarchical scheme of things, merely represents a small step up.] They asked me, as a matter of form, I suppose, if I'd accept the honor, and I said, 'No, thank you.' And then they said, 'Nobody turns down these things. You're obliged to accept them,' so I agreed to it, if that's the way it is. Running, after all, has given us self-confidence and a position of standing in our community. We used to be timid in school." (Snell often uses "we" and "us" when he means only himself. "That's because I was always taught that saying I and me all the time was impolite and forward.")

As he kept talking, Snell was working himself into a proper mood of dis-



Busy man of the world: Snell goes down to Los Angeles by New Zealand Consul Greig (center) for sandwiches with England's Sloop and Webb

may: there were codling-moths in his apple trees because he did not have time to spray them before leaving for the Olympics, the used-car prices in New Zealand were outrageous, the income taxes too high and the career opportunities for a young athlete like himself too bleak. But slowly he brightened. "This trip," he said, "will give me more contacts. I'll get a page in my book from it, I'll get some speeches from it. And the New Zealand Broadcasting Corp. has asked me to file a story on the meet. Maybe I'll wind up as a commentator."

Back at the hotel that evening, Snell ran into Bill Crothers and his coach, Fred Foot, and they went out for tea. Crothers had lost a race in New York the night before, possibly because of a virus infection, and at one point sneezed in Snell's direction. "That's the ticket," said Foot. "A few more like that, Bill, and we've got him." Said Snell after the others had left: "Virus or no virus, the only way I can thrash that bloke is to get in front of him and go flat out."

Still, on Saturday, the day of the meet, Snell was as busy as ever with his odds and ends. After another breakfast of pancakes, he buttonholed the Russian Olympic coach, Gabriel Korobkov. It was Snell's intention to get himself invited to a Russian meet this summer, but after his talk with Korobkov he found himself in an unusual position. "He called

the tune himself," said Snell, in some wonder. Ordinarily, when Snell offers to enter a race, the promoters fall over themselves trying to be accommodating, trying, indeed, to work things out to Snell's convenience. Korobkov, by contrast, said simply that if Snell could come to Minsk on July 5 fine, if not, that was O.K., too. "I told him I was racing in London on the third, and couldn't I come later in July, and he said impossible: he had to prepare for the Americans, and then, of all things, he asked me if I thought Ron Clarke could make it on the fifth. He even wants me to give Clarke his address." Snell stared in amazement at the piece of paper the Russian had given him. He was laughing, but Clarke, the Australian long-distance runner, was not exactly the man Snell had been meaning to promote.

Back in his warmup suit again, he went over to the Sports Arena, where workmen were still assembling the wooden track. Dodging around them, he ran fast and slow laps, then complained about the difficulties of making the turns. "If I didn't watch I'd fly right over the edge," Snell, whose mercurial, darting thoughts remind one of Cavius Clay, then got down on all fours and peered under the track. "I'm studying the underpinnings," he said. "We don't have an indoor track in all of New Zealand, and, maybe, when

somebody gets interested in building an arena, I can give advice."

With that he looked up at the American flag in the rafters. "Do you know when they play *The Star-Spangled Banner* here a fan blows that flag. It gives 'em a laugh back in New Zealand to hear about that." He was told the same thing happens in Canada when *God Save the Queen* is played before hockey games, he should tell that around New Zealand, too. "Oh, I'd never repeat such a thing as that," said Snell, "even if it were true."

Immediately another inspiration hit him. He would like to have a film of the track meet, to show when he returned home. Within a few minutes he had arranged everything with NBC, which was setting up television cameras. Then he said he needed to go by the May Co. and pick up a set of stainless-steel mixing bowls for his former landlady in Auckland, Mrs. Warren. "Stainless-steel is terribly dear at home," he said. When that was done, he had an idea that, while waiting for his own race, he might interview other athletes. "I'll only I can borrow a tape recorder from someone." He borrowed it, of course, from Hal Connolly, the world record holder in the hammer who lives in Los Angeles. And then, while drinking a final cup of tea at the hotel before leaving for the arena, he ran into a man he had been looking for all day. Hilmer Lodge, the former

Continued on page A8

Mrs. Henry Carnegie Phipps has the best-bred racehorses in the U.S., and her Bold Ruler is racing's foremost sire. One of his sons, Bold Lad, remains a favorite for the Kentucky Derby despite an injured foreleg

by WHITNEY TOWER

BOLD IS THE BADGE OF CHAMPIONS

THE BOLD RULER 3-YEAR-OLDS

HORSE	OWNER	RECORD
ASWAN	Meadow Stable, Va.	no starts
BOLD BEGGAR	Mrs. J. R. H. Thouron, Pa.	8 starts, 2 wins
BOLD BODDER	Wheatley Stable, N.Y.	1 start, 1 win
BOLD EXPERIENCE	Meadow Stable, Va.	7 starts, 4 wins
BOLD LAD	Wheatley Stable, N.Y.	10 starts, 8 wins
CYSTRUM	Mrs. Richard C. duPont, Md.	6 starts, 1 win
CONQUERING	Wheatley, O. Phipps, N.Y.	no starts
CORNISH PRINCE	G. D. Widener, Pa.	7 starts, 4 wins
ENVOY	Clatsome Farm, Ky.	no starts
FOUR THOUGHTS	J. C. Brady, N.J.	2 starts, unplaced
JACINTO	W. Haggan Perry, Va.	5 starts, 4 wins
JOVE	Mrs. Ogden Phipps, N.Y.	no starts
LA PATRIE	Lazy F Ranch, Texas	11 starts, 1 third
QUEEN EMPRESS	Wheatley Stable, N.Y.	14 starts, 8 wins
RULE O' GOED	G.M. Humphrey, Ohio	no starts
STAINCINUS	O. Phipps, N.Y.	10 starts, 2 wins
TERENTA	W. Haggan Perry, Va.	9 starts, 2 wins
THREE SUNSETS	Greentree Stable, N.Y.	no starts
UPPER HAND	Edward G. Burke, Fla.	1 start, unplaced
VALIANT QUEEN	Warner L. Jones, Ky.	2 starts, 2 wins

They say there is nothing like a good racehorse to bring out the heel in a man. Whoever coined that phrase on the backstretch of another era would have second thoughts if he were wintering at Florida's Hialeah right now.

There are many good horses at Hialeah, but the best is a handsome, deep-rich-chestnut 3-year-old colt with white feet and a star and stripe of the same color in his face. This is Bold Lad, who won eight of 10 races and \$387,471 last year, has been the early favorite for the 1965 Kentucky Derby, and so far has miserably failed to bring out the heel in those around him. Not that he hasn't tried. A month ago he reared up in the walking ring and crowned his Irish groom, Dave Sullivan, with his foot. When Sullivan was revived, his first thought was to ask whether Bold Lad's leg had been X-rayed yet. It was all right then, but two weeks later X-rays showed that Bold Lad had developed a splint just below the knee on the inside of his right foreleg (SI, Feb. 15). This normally is a minor ailment that merely delays a horse's serious training for about 10 days. However, after Bold Lad was galloped last Friday it was apparent that he had not fully recovered, and getting him ready for the Derby is going to require expert care and superlative horsemanship by his trainer.

Fortunately, that trainer is Bill Winfrey, one of the best in the business, and Winfrey's skill is matched by the devotion of Dave Sullivan, of Bold Lad's exercise boy, Tommy Quinn, of Stable Office Manager John Fitzsimmons, of Foreman and Assistant Trainer Albie Robertson and even by that of Bold Lad's mascot, a 9-month-old police dog named Oliver who is so sweetly disposed that Aune Goldfinger could safely set up headquarters in the next stall to organize a raid on Hialeah's money room.

Despite Bold Lad's temporary infirmity, there is an extra something in the Florida air around Hialeah's Barn C these days—an unusually good morale among stable personnel who know that they are contributing to the success of the country's No. 1 Thoroughbred racing empire. This empire belongs to three generations of Phippses and has been guided by experts like the A. B. Hancocks, father and son, at whose Clatsome Farm in Paris, Ky., Phipps mares

have long been boarded and bred to the finest available stallions. Claiborne Farm is a place, too, where yearlings get the most careful early training.

For 37 years Phipps racing stock was sent from Claiborne to Trainer Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, who retired in 1963 at the age of 88—but not before he had assured many future Phipps runners by developing some top mares. His most notable accomplishment for the Phipps clan was developing a son of the great Nasrullah, who popped up with exactly the right name: Bold Ruler. As a youngster at Claiborne, Bold Ruler suffered a double hernia. He looked so sickly that Bill Hancock sent him to a buck pasture so that visitors to the farm office could not see him. Throughout his career Bold Ruler ran with a rheumatic condition and was never entirely sound. Yet he ran with tremendous heart, always eager to be up with the pace, and he had amazing powers of acceleration. "He could beat any horse in the world from six furlongs to a mile-and-an-eighth," Mr. Fitz said recently. In his career (1956-58) Bold Ruler won 23 of 33 races and \$764,204.

Considering his speed, it is not surprising that Mrs. Henry Carnegie Phipps (who races under the name of Wheatley Stable) and her son Ogden shared Bill Hancock's belief that Bold Ruler could be a top stallion. "On his day he was truly great," says Hancock. "And I believed that a free-runner like that had the best chance possible of producing stayers if his offspring came from strong enough families." Out in California Bill Winfrey, who nearly won the 1953 Kentucky Derby with Alfred Vanderbilt's Native Dancer and who since the late '50s had been operating a public stable, was thinking along exactly the same lines. Winfrey took Mr. Fitz's job in June 1961 and admits today: "Sure, I was influenced greatly by the idea of training some Bold Rulers. I always thought he had more potential as a stud than Nashua. So far he's better, anyway."

So far—and how! No stallion, in fact, has ever started his stud career in this country with such fantastic success. Last year alone he had 10 stakes winners, he became the youngest champion sire to repeat as champion, and he is the only two-time champion in the history of U.S. racing who was the

leading sire of 2-year-olds in those same two years.

Last year Mrs. Phipps, son Ogden and grandson Ogden Mills (Dinny) Phipps owned 20 of the 40 mares to whom Bold Ruler was bred. Hancock receives a few services to Bold Ruler as his managerial fee, and the others—if you can buy one—are worth a minimum of \$35,000 each. So much in demand are Bold Ruler's offspring that the only yearling by him sold at public auction in 1964 was purchased for \$170,000. The colt's new name, appropriately enough, is One Bold Bled.

While Bold Ruler's oldest racing crop has just turned 5, his winners up to now are scattered among all the crops, six 4-year-olds, 123-year-olds and 112-year-olds won in 1964. Bold Ruler helped Wheatley last year to the money-winning owner's award (\$1,073,572) and the 2-year-old colt and filly championships with Bold Lad and Queen Empress. In the course of these pleasant activities, Wheatley joined Calumet Farm, C. V. Whitney and Rex Ellsworth as the only stables ever to earn more than \$1 million in purses in a season.

Of the 121 youngsters weighted on the recent Experimental Free Handicap list, eight are by Bold Ruler. Topweighted at 130 pounds by Handicapper Tommy Trotter, Bold Lad is in a select group including (from among 250,000 horses ranked in 31 free handicaps) Bimelech, Alsab and Native Dancer, who also received 130 pounds. Only Count Fleet, at 132, was assigned more weight in the Experimental, which attempts to evaluate the new 3-year-olds on the basis of their 2-year-old form and potential. For those who try to read a Kentucky Derby finish from the Experimental weights, it is worth noting that Count Fleet won his Derby, while Bimelech, Alsab and Native Dancer all ran second.

The Phippses, however, seldom run second to other people's horses or to anything else. It has been that way most of the years since Henry Phipps was born in 1839, the son of a cobbler. He grew up in Barletot Square in Allegheny, Pa. and—at 13—while working for \$1.25 a week for a Pittsburgh jeweler, made a pal of another poor boy on the block named Andrew Carnegie. Young Phipps's first share in what later became Carnegie Co. cost him a pain-

fully earned \$800, but it seems to have been worth it.

In 1901, after the two had been in a steel partnership for many years, Carnegie sold out to J. P. Morgan who then founded U.S. Steel. Henry Phipps's share of the sale was \$50 million. Five years ago the \$50 million of 1901 was worth \$300 million to the more than 70 living Phippses who draw their incomes from what has been described as a "diversified portfolio of real-estate holdings, corporate bonds and stocks, municipalities and governments."

In the last few generations the Phippses and their cousins have married into families with names like Grace Mills, Martin and Bestwick, and they have become one of the most active and successful sporting tribes of our time. Early on the Phippses used to hunt big game in

Continued



GRANDE DAME of racing, Mrs. Phipps is the head of the most active sporting clan.

Africa, shoot grouse in Scotland and cast for salmon in Canada. More recently horses and tennis—court tennis, that is—have preoccupied them. Michael Phipps and his cousin, Winston Guest, were 10-gaul polo players, while Raymond Guest rode not far behind at eight goals. Ogden Phipps, now 56 and chairman of The Jockey Club, long ago became so enchanted with the old French game of court tennis—and subsequently so good at it—that he was eight times national amateur champion. His cousin, Alastair Martin, was also an eight-time champion. And now Ogden's 24-year-old son Dinny who, like Bold Lad, has never missed an out in his life (weight, 275 pounds), is defending amateur doubles champ with Northrup Knox, after playing No. 2 on both the tennis and squash teams at Yale.



POPPED SPLINT that on Bold Lad's admirer is shown by Assistant Trainer Robertson

Ogden's brother-in-law, Pete Bostwick, another high-gaul polo player, once rode for John Hay Whitney in England's Grand National Steeplechase. Pete has since become one of the leading jumping trainers in the U.S. Both his older sons are star court tennis and racquets players and top golfers; one of them, Jimmy, is the defending amateur golf champion of France. One of Pete's brothers, A. C. Bostwick, owns a few racehorses, but another one, Dunbar, must be considered a maverick by Phipps standards. He is a harness-horse breeder and owner, an official in the U.S. Trotting Association and treasurer of The Hambletonian Society.

Other Phippses and their in-laws ride to bounds in Maryland and Virginia. Former polo star Mike Phipps, now on Hialeah's Board of Directors, operates a first-class Thoroughbred training center at St. Lucie, Fla., while down the road in Palm Beach (where almost all the Phippses can beg a bed in the house of one relative or another), Mrs. Ogden Phipps's daughter Lilly Lee McKim Pulitzer invented the dress that bears her name—Lilly—and made a business success on her own. Her husband, Peter Pulitzer, a crack shot with rifle and shotgun, was co-driver on the winning boat in the 1964 Miami-to-Nassau powerboat race. Who did it belong to? Why, young Dinny Phipps, of course, who since then has brought a nutme company in Miami that specializes in motors rather than bulls. So far those engines are responsible for three finishers in the first six in last fall's Salton City 500 and more recently for the one-two boats in the Orange Bowl Regatta.

One Phipps who certainly will not be distracted from horse racing by boats or anything else is the leader of the clan, the former Gladys Mills, now the 80-year-old widow of Henry Carnegie Phipps and mother of Ogden. Starting with only five horses nearly 40 years ago, she has had amazing success with her stable (called Wheatley for Wheatley Road on Long Island) and has rarely had a losing season. She still makes out her own list each year of which broodmares are to be bred to which stallions and thoroughly enjoys being more successful with her horses than Ogden has been with his. She gets to the races whenever possible. On Long Island, two or three times a week, she drives her Bentley to the stables at Belmont. There, with a

passenger cargo of several dogs, she feeds the horses sugar and talks over racing plans with Trainer Winfrey.

No Phipps has ever been a publicity hound. Until Dinny slightly altered the family pattern by hobnobbing in track press boxes and frequenting Toots Shor's, none considered the press anything more than a necessary evil of the modern age. One exception has been Ogden's wife, the former Lillian Bostwick, who has done more than anyone in America to encourage participation in jump racing and continually urges racing writers to give her sport more of a play in print. The owner of Wheatley Stable, however, feels no similar compulsion to grant interviews, even when they pertain to her Bold Lad, and it has been reported by members of her family that she does not exactly roar with laughter at the sight of some cartoons of her that appear from time to time in *The Morning Telegraph* and *Daily Racing Form*.

Although she is extremely shy and not given to imperious gestures, Mrs. Phipps must still be considered the *grand dame* of American racing. Her son, Ogden, has himself been in the game for some 30 years, but it wasn't until the sale of the late Colonel C. R. Bradley's stock in the mid-'40s that the Phipps racing fortunes began their rise to the top. It was then, recalls Bull Hancock, that Ogden wisely concentrated on building up a broodmare band (Misty Morn, the dam of Bold Lad, was the champion of her sex in 1955.) Because of that, the Phippses today have the best-bred stable in the country. It includes, in addition to 47 horses in training—18 of them Bold Rulers—45 broodmares, some two dozen newly turned yearlings and the expectation of an equal number of new foals this spring. If, for some hard-to-situate reason, the Phippses decided to sell out everything tomorrow, \$15 million would be a reasonable bid. The mares alone would bring around \$2.5 million, Bold Ruler would command the same price, and Bold Lad is already worth \$2 million. Of course, Ogden and his mother have no intention of selling, either now or in the foreseeable future. As chairman of The Jockey Club and a trustee of the New York Racing Association, Ogden tries to show up at the track every time a Phipps horse runs. He is as shy as his mother—a trait often mistaken for aloofness—and unbends only with close racing friends or when golfing with nonrac-



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ing friends. One of the latter, Groomman Test Pilot Tom LeBoutillier, says of him, "He claims he's a 10-handicap player but he plays to a four, and if you let your guard down for a minute he'll empty your pockets. His croquet-style putting is murderous." Ogden's friends also know him to be a top bridge player and a whiz at backgammon.

It surprised no one when the Phlippses wound up with Bill Winfrey at their trainer. Ogden says of the appointment, "Bill can train fillies as well as he can train colts—and we find that equally important." Adviser Bill Hancock adds, "Bill can take good horses or bad horses and do well with them. His horses look well, he uses good judgment, he has good help, and his horses are relaxed and settled and are never rushed along."

Nobody in racehorse training got a better education in his trade than Bill Winfrey, and no trainer today has won more friends and respect. Winfrey was born 48 years ago in Detroit. His father died when he was 3, and two years later his mother married Trainer Carey Winfrey, whom Bill called Pop until his death a few years ago. Carey was one of his generation's great horsemen, in the tradition of Preston Burch and the late George Odum and Ben Jones. He used to work the New York circuit in the summer and go down to New Orleans in the winter. "Sometimes, when I was only 6 or 7," says Bill, "I used to sleep in Pop's bed, and I'd put a leg lock on him so he couldn't go to the track in the morning without me."

After only two months in high school, Bill persuaded Pop that the racetrack was for him, and in 1932, weighing only 95 pounds, he became a jockey. "I went to 110 pounds in seven months," he says, "and that was the end of that. I turned to training and got a license at 16. They said I was the youngest in the country at the time."

Winfrey's first noticeable success came in 1939 with a mare he claimed, named Dini, who won 27 races for him. Two years later, when a trainer working for Clevela Putnam was put under suspension, Putnam asked Winfrey to take his horse, Swan, to Louisville and run in the Kentucky Derby, especially if it came up mud. "It didn't come up mud," Winfrey recalls now, "and the horse was so sore he could hardly move, but my orders were to run anyway. We did and were last all the way to Whirlaway in an 11-

horse field." Winfrey has a special reason to remember that 1941 Derby now. "My next Derby was 12 years later with Native Dancer," he says, "and now it's 1965, another 12 years later. If I have to wait until 1977, it may be too late!" This undoubtedly contributes to Winfrey's determination that Bold Lad will run in Louisville. He plans to give the colt his first start in the Gotham at Aqueduct on April 3 and then race in the Wood Memorial on April 17.

After a couple of wartime years with the Marines, Winfrey returned to train for Royce Martin's Woodvale Farm, and in the spring of 1949 he started a 10-year hitch as private trainer for Alfred Vanderbilt. For the most part they were productive years. Bill quickly hit the big time with the development of some top stock from Vanderbilt's Sagamore Farm. He and Vanderbilt had the fine race mares Next Move and Red o' Roses and a sulking critter named Cousin, who actually beat Tom Fool in the Hopeful. But real fame came with the 1950 crop, which included Find, Soeml Outcast and the gray named Native Dancer. Everything the Dancer did was dramatic, and because he made his appearance during the early days of televised sports, he became a hero overnight. According to Winfrey, Native Dancer had one failing. "When he'd go by horses he'd relax instead of pouring it on. He didn't have the killer instinct, though he got the job done. Even against poorer horses he wouldn't look good because he'd just win. But he'd win when he had to."

One time he had to, however, and couldn't quite get the job done was in the historic Kentucky Derby of 1953. Native Dancer lost the only race of his career and in so doing gained more fame than if he had breezed home by 10 lengths. Winfrey has had 12 years to think about the race, and it is fresh in his memory. "There's no race like the Derby," he said outside Bold Lad's stall at Hialeah on a recent sunny morning. "It keys everyone up, the riders included. Eric Guern took Native Dancer into the clubhouse turn far back. There Money Broker shut him off—perhaps intentionally, but I have no reason to believe it was. Now, being keyed up, Eric might have had his judgment affected. Anyway, down the backstretch Native Dancer ran like a wild horse, and he got position going into that far turn. There Eric dropped down onto the rail, and

continued

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RADGE OF CHAMPIONS *continued*

they were third turning for home. Dark Star was two lengths in front and about 15 feet out from the rail. Correspondent was a length in front of us, and Native Dancer was on the inside. If every horse had held position it would have been one thing, but as Dark Star came over to the rail Eric pulled Native Dancer out and had to start his run all over again. He missed Dark Star by a head. The point is this: being shut off by Money Broker didn't in itself mean defeat, but it led to subsequent events. If we hadn't been shut off, Native Dancer might have won by four or five lengths. I was crestfallen, not for me, because the game owed me nothing, but I felt sorry for Mr. Vanderbilt and for the horse—and for everyone else."

Naturally enough, Winfrey is constantly being asked to compare Bold Lad with Native Dancer. "Comparisons are ridiculous," he says. "Could Joe Louis tell you if he could beat Jack Dempsey? But I will say this. Bold Lad has the same potential that Native Dancer had at the same time in his career. Now I never saw Man o' War, but Citation was the best horse I ever saw. He proved himself, and he had that killer instinct. In my heart I think Native Dancer might have been the equal of Citation, and I only wish that a weakness in his feet hadn't forced his retirement at 4 and prevented him from proving the real greatness that I suspect was in him."

The days ahead are not going to be easy for Winfrey any more than they will be for Bold Lad. The handsome chestnut is a high-withered individual with a fine head. Says Winfrey, "His right knee has a slight prominence and has never been quite as cold as the other one, but so far this is more or less like a ballplayer with a spur in his heel, only the spur doesn't bother him." Winfrey is confident the colt will be ready for the Derby, and then, "the only way they'll beat him is with bad racing luck."

A young man who will have something to say about Bold Lad's racing fortunes is his regular jockey, stone-faced Braulio Baeza, who will never bore an audience by talking too much. "This horse," he says, looking the chestnut in the eye, "is intelligent, because he knows when you want him to relax. He's as kind as can be. Also [here he grinned like a statue cracking at the seams] he can run a little bit faster than the rest."

END

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THE BEST 18 IN AMERICA

BY DAN JENKINS

Beginning with a distant view of Long Island Sound and ending on a spray-soaked cliff beside the Pacific Ocean, this second nine of Sports Illustrated's Best 18 ranges across the continent. It is a watery closing nine that requires shots over a Pennsylvania brook, a Georgia pond (right), a South Carolina lagoon, a Colorado stream, a Michigan lake and an Oklahoma creek. The golfer who plays it may get his feet wet, but he will have seen nine holes, each in the position which it occupies on its own course, that—judged by standards of challenge, fairness, beauty and tradition—have no equal in America. Dan Jenkins took his 8-handicap and his waterproof shoes and tested them all. He describes what he saw—and how he did.

The 12th at Augusta, a deceptive little hole where the Masters is won or lost.







The 13th at Myrtle Beach, where a gulf must be crossed and alligators lurk.



10 WINGED FOOT PAR 3 191 YARDS

Westchester County is a vast fresh-air factory just north of New York City. Populated primarily by commuting fathers and marching mothers, it consists of woods, hills, shopping centers, train platforms, station wagons and a variety of homes that range from Revolutionary War Ancient to Subdivision Modern. Stretching over an immense area between the Hudson River and Long Island Sound, it is America's most famous bedroom, one that is noted for towns like Rye, Scarsdale, Larchmont and New Rochelle, communities that have been made famous in both literature and lyric.

But even though many of its hills have been forested with television aeriads and its forests have been paved, Westchester somehow retains a remarkable beauty and quiet. Contributing to this bucolic atmosphere are the numerous fine golf courses within its boundaries, more, no doubt, than in any other area of comparable size in the U.S. The most renowned of all these courses is Winged Foot.

Named after the Mercury emblem of the New York Athletic Club, some of whose members built Winged Foot's two 18s (West and East) in 1922, the club is located in Mamaroneck, one of Westchester's more popular and prosperous residential sections, yet it is not ultraexclusive by Westchester standards. To accommodate its large membership—650 active golfers—it has a clubhouse so vast that if the Duke of Windsor stopped by, which he has, the place would remind him of an old London home of his, circa 1936.

The worldwide attention that Winged Foot enjoys, and deserves, comes from the array of nationally known professionals who have peopled its golf shop—Claude Harmon, Craig Wood, Mike Souchak, Jack Burke, Shelley Mayfield and Dave Marr—and from the staging of two U.S. Open championships.

Winged Foot's West Course, which was the site of the 1929 U.S. Open (partly because the East Course did not get into shape in time), has those old-fashioned characteristics of raised greens, narrow openings, fast and severely contoured putting surfaces and bunkers with steep walls. Much of the course's toughness lies in its first and last three holes, which are simply long. It was on the 18th in the '29 Open that Bobby Jones holed one of his more critical putts, a 12-footer for a par 4 that salvaged a 79 and a tie with Al Espinosa. The next day Jones humiliated Espinosa, defeating him by 23 strokes in a 36-hole playoff. Thirty years later, when the Open returned to Winged Foot, Billy Casper sank putts of every conceivable length to win. In 72 holes he had but one three-putt green. This came at the 10th hole on the final round, and it was a fitting place, for

it is the green at Winged Foot's 10th that makes the hole a most deceptive par-3.

Incorporated into the 10th is all of the real character that is Winged Foot. The green is rigidly flanked by bunkers, and the entrance to it is about as narrow as any hole on the course—only 15 feet. It rises sharply as it broadens, and there are heavy swells in the putting surface. "A lot of members say the green is slowly sinking in front," says Course Superintendent Sherwood Moore. "But it is only sinking in their minds."

Just hitting such a green is not enough. You can be on the precipitous front edge and, if the pin is in the back, you might be better off returning to the tee and hitting another three-iron at it. Or, if the pin is near the pinched front gate and you have been so foolish as to hit into the bunker



Drive for show and then putt, putt, putt for dough.

on the left, forget it. Your explosion shot is going to roll right off the green.

Helped by a faint, trailing wind, my three-iron reached the lower right-hand edge of the green, and luckily the pin was there. I had a nasty 12-footer for a birdie, and I could not help remembering the old calendar that once hung in every golf shop in the country, the painting of Bobby Jones sinking a putt of about the same distance at Winged Foot in 1929. I posed for a similar sketch, but failed to hit the putt firmly. Short. Also wide. Artistically uninspiring, perhaps, but a safe par is a fine way to start the second nine at Winged Foot—and the second nine on America's Best 18.

11 MERION PAR 4 378 YARDS

Any golf course can have its memorable occasions. The club may be nothing more than nine sand greens under a railroad trestle, but its members will recall every detail of the day young Joe Zich finished 3-2-1 to set the course record, or the time Mrs. Hattie Sausage lost 27 balls on the ditch hole. But, naturally, there are clubs with more classic memories than others, and none has more than Philadelphia's Merion. For one modest example, Merion is where Bobby Jones completed the Grand Slam in 1930 by winning the U.S. Amateur while a special Marine detachment protected

continued

The 18th at Pebble Beach, where the ocean beautifies the scene and terrifies the golfer.

him from a crowd of 18,000. For another, it was at Merion 20 years later that Ben Hogan, recovered from a near-fatal accident, won the U.S. Open, signaling one of the finest comebacks in sport.

Merion has been the scene of these and nine other major championships because it is a practically perfect example of American golf architecture. It is also the only course that could properly offer two holes for our Best 18. Merion's first hole began this series (54, Feb. 15), and now the 11th, the historic Baffling Brook, follows as appropriately as the white sand follows a well-played explosion from Merion's bunkers.

This hole deceives you right from the tee. You think you have adequate room for your drive, but less than 100 yards down the fairway the terrain drops abruptly to a lower level, and this level, which is not visible from the tee, abounds with bunkers and trees. Yet the exciting part is still to come. Far back in a shaded setting of oak, beech and gum trees, embraced front, right and back by Baffling Brook, is the green. There is almost no fairway between the



You see offered a baffling look at famed Baffling Brook.

driving area and the green itself, only a broad, rocky creek bed, with the water rippling through the middle of it. The longer the golfer studies his club-selection for a high, biting pitch that must carry the creek, the stones and the wall in front of the green, the wider and deeper the brook becomes.

The 11th first earned fame not for its difficulty but simply for its existence. It was the hole where Jones closed out his final match 8 and 7 against Eugene Homans to complete the Slam, and it was the last really competitive hole Bobby ever played. The 11th added to its reputation in the 1934 U.S. Open when Gene Sarazen took a one-stroke lead into it in the final round, attempted to play safe with a two-iron off the tee and ended up with a 7. Bobby Cruickshank had led through the second day of that Open, even though he made a 6 at the 11th. In the third round, the tiny Scot was still in contention at the 11th when his eight-iron approach headed into the brook. But the ball hit a rock beneath the surface and bounded onto the green. Cruickshank tossed his club in the air, tipped his cap and said, "Thank you, Lord," only to have the club land on his head. He did not recover from the shock of the shot, or the blow, and Olin Dutra won the Open.

My unhistoric drive put me in a good position for a seven-iron to the green. The pin was right and forward, on the edge of the Baffling Brook. Suffocating in all of Merion's tradition, I thought of Jones, Sarazen, Cruickshank and the probable drop area, then hit my own baffled approach. It carried the brook, sailed straight over the flag and somehow held the back part of the green, about 25 feet from the hole. Jones's old Calamity Jane itself could not have given the putt a better rap. It hit the middle of the cup for a birdie 3, proof once more that anything can happen at Merion's 11th.

12 AUGUSTA NATIONAL PAR 3 155 YARDS

Augusta National Golf Club is one of the most televised golf courses in the country, and certainly the best known. Each April millions watch the Masters on TV, and the challenge and complexities of Augusta's last four holes have become as familiar to the intent golf fan as his own bent putter. Largely because of this exposure, the final four holes, and especially the 15th and 16th, have come to be regarded as the crucial ones. But the pros know this is wrong, and so does the large gallery of several thousand that always gathers at a place called Amen Corner on the final day to watch the contenders play the 11th, 12th and 13th. These holes may be unfamiliar, since TV never shows them, but they are the holes where the Masters is won—and lost.

Amen Corner is an arrowhead of Georgia pines, fairways and flowers that is the farthest point on the course from the Augusta National clubhouse, and the three strenuous and wonderfully designed holes bend their way around this triangle. The 443-yard par-4 11th demands a strong tee shot out of the pines to a rising fairway. The second shot is a long iron down a hill to a green that is virtually a pic, with Rae's Creek curving around its whole left side. The corner concludes with an unnerving 475-yard par-5, a dog-leg left that offers the enticing gamble of going for a near-island green in two. But it is the hole between this difficult pair that has become Augusta's severest test at Masters time. The 12th, confusing and frightening, may well be the most dangerous of all par-3s.

To the unknowing among the sun-warmed multitudes who come to Augusta each April for the Masters, the 12th hole looks benign. It is not long, after all. Just a little flip across Rae's Creek with a short iron or mid-iron, depending on the wind. But regardless of how it looks to the man with a ticket and a hot dog, it is considerably more than that to any player under pressure—say, the pressure of trying to win a Masters. And it is equally testing to any golfer who is standing on the tee, staring at a far-right pin position so precariously placed that it appears to bob like a buoy in Rae's Creek, and trying to guess what a puff of wind might do to his shot as it hangs over the green, which is hardly wider than a knife blade.

As long ago as 1937, only four years after Bobby Jones had laid out (with Alister Mackenzie) this best of all eye-grass winter courses and originated the Masters Tournament, the 12th was a decisive hole. It was in that early Masters that Ralph Guldahl, nursing a four-stroke lead the final day, played the 12th and 13th holes in 5 and 6 while Byron Nelson, behind him, went 2 and 3 (birdie, eagle) to win. More recently, Sam Snead won the 1952 Masters after



Where bridges are monuments and snags monumental.

chipping in for a round-saving bogey 4 at the 12th. But Arnold Palmer, the tournament's only four-time champion, has provided more last-day Masters drama at Amen Corner than anyone. He helped himself win in 1958 when he parred 12 after being allowed a free drop from an imbedded lie, and in 1962 he birdied the hole and went on to take a playoff. This helped make up for 1959, when he lost a two-stroke lead and a Masters on 12 by underclubbing and ending up with a triple-bogey 6.

Superficially, the hole is gorgeous and alluring as it sits at the foot of an azalea-and-pine-covered hill across the water, but it is actually a blithe spirit, full of devilry. You must clear the creek, which cuts almost to the putting surface, but you must not clear it by much, for there is no room. The embankment behind the green is steep, the rough is matted and there are two bunkers. A chip or explosion shot from this area, if not executed delicately, will roll across the green—and into the creek. The possibility of such a complete disaster makes the pros think twice about being bold with their recovery shots. This understandable caution makes it difficult to salvage a par.

There are two memorials at the 12th hole that commemorate brilliant play in the Masters. A bridge leading to the green is a tribute to Ben Hogan's 72-hole record of 274. A stone walkway, spanning Rae's Creek and leading to the 13th fairway, honors Byron Nelson's charge in 1937. With precisely the right club and enough fear, the golfer on the 12th tee can put his shot between these two bridges—and into the center of Rae's Creek. My five-iron, held up by a mysterious gust of wind, did exactly that. One of the reasons Bobby Jones particularly likes the 12th is because of the pitch shot that must be made from the drop area, which is still back of the creek. "It can be terrifying, indeed," Jones says. Jones is right. Unnerved, I hit a pitch that just cleared the water. From the 30 feet that were left to the cup, I three-putted. They can make a memorial to my triple bogey if they want, but it will have to be underwater. Amen.

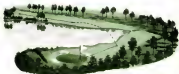
13 THE DUNES PAR 5 560 YARDS

It is agreed among knowledgeable golfers along the Atlantic Coast that if a man plays the 13th hole at The Dunes Golf and Beach Club in Myrtle Beach, S.C., often enough he will eventually 1) lose every ball he owns and 2) perish by alligator bite. Farfetched as these probabilities may seem, they are not as farfetched as the 13th hole itself, a long, horseshoe-shaped par-5 that loops around a giant hazard named Singleton Lake. The hole, like the 15-year-old Myrtle Beach course, is the product of the sometimes fiendish mind of Robert Trent Jones, and in this case the esteemed golf architect outdid himself.

Your first impression, as you look to the right across the Superior-sized lake to the green and are then told to tee off in the opposite direction toward nothing in particular, is that here, here in relatively obscure Myrtle Beach, the sport of golf has at last arrived at its ludicrous ultimate. The tee shot, quite aside from going away from the hole, is impossible, for it must be long, accurate and daring, carrying past a row of pines and about 240 yards to the lake's edge. Fade

it, and it is in the water. Hook it, and you are still 500 yards from the green. But the second shot is more absurd. It requires a full carry across the water with a three-wood. Nothing less will suffice. Now, assuming you manage all this, you still have a mid-iron to a vast green that is sternly bunkered and has two distinct putting levels. Finally, if you are truly knowledgeable about this hole, you are aware that at least six alligators reside in nearby Singleton Swamp. They frequently come out to sunbathe in the fairway. Thus the hole is not only tough to play, it can be tough to walk.

Despite the hazards of the 13th at The Dunes, it is both a pretty and intriguing hole. Making a half circle from the tee to the green on the player's left are the pine, holly and scrub oaks that are moody features of this long, windswept par-72 course. The club itself is easygoing and informal. It was built by Myrtle Beach property owners (12 motels have



Take a swing, and beware if you hear a splash in the swamp.

golf privileges) to attract tourists to their ocean resort. But any relaxation that Myrtle Beach allows you on its sandy strands it seizes back on its golf course, especially on its 13th hole.

The first two shots on the 13th are clear gambles. You must drive close to the brink of the lake with the first shot to shorten the distance across the water on the second. If you do so, you can chew off as much of the hazard as you feel brave enough to risk. A good shot across the wide part of the lake leaves a seven- or eight-iron to the green. A safe shot leaves a two- or three-iron. When the U.S. Women's Open was played at The Dunes in 1962, Ruth Jensen took one look at the 13th and said, "It's a par-6." Mucky Wright said, "It's a great hole—if you don't get greedy." Then Mickey got greedy, and her misadventures at 13, including a double bogey, were one reason she finished fourth instead of her usual first. Only Mike Souchak has ever reached the green in two. Pro Jimmy D'Angelo, who has been at The Dunes since it was built, likes to recall with relish the day two British Ryder Cup players, Harry Weetman and Max Faulkner, emptied out the balls in their bags and stood swinging for an hour trying to get to the green in two. Neither did, and Singleton Lake fairly gurgled over with shiny British golf balls.

The lake seemed to be still gurgling as I drove perfectly—if breathtakingly—so its very edge. I caught a brassie just right to carry well over the water and into the fairway, only a seven-iron from the green. But I guess I celebrated these feats too long, for I shanked the approach 15 yards to the right of the green. A mediocre pitch rolled past the pin by 12 feet. However, the putt slid in for a par 5. Nothing to it. I just kept telling myself that a 5 was really a birdie and that alligators are things you make golf shoes out of.

continued

14 CHERRY HILLS

PAR 4 460 YARDS

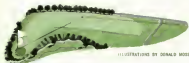
For a proved championship course that has achieved an endearing place in golf history, Cherry Hills Country Club in Denver is held in peculiar irreverence by the game's best players. They regard it as a drive-and-putt course on which they would shoot some truly whimsical scores if they played it regularly. One reason for this feeling is that a well-hit drive goes roughly 6% farther in the thin mountain air of Colorado than it does at sea level. Another reason is an easy run of opening holes that tends to amuse the pro golfer with aggressive confidence. It was in this stretch on the last round of the 1960 U.S. Open that Arnold Palmer went 6 under par through seven holes, a streak that led him to a 63 and victory. On that wild Saturday afternoon Palmer came from seven strokes back and passed 12 players, and he treated the course as if Cherry Hills were host to the Potluck Invitational instead of golf's loftiest event. After Palmer's rush had leveled every serious challenger, Don Cherry, one of many werry losers, said, "We'd have all shot this place in nothing if it hadn't been the Open."

While there is a lot to say for the tension of an important championship and what it does to scores, there is also a lot to be said for Cherry Hills. It is not all that easy. Built in 1922 for a membership that has remained friendly, enthusiastic, self-made and western, it is a club with a fierce affection for golf, an affection that was best displayed by the hospitality, courtesy and efficiency it lavished on the 1960 Open.

Nor did the course suffer any great embarrassment from Palmer's blistering finish and the lingering belief among the pros that it can be demolished. The winning total was, after all, a respectable 280. Once past the early holes, too short for the modern big hitters, Cherry Hills played as severely as it had in 1938, when Ralph Guldahl won the U.S. Open there by being the only player to break 290.

Actually, the incoming nine at Cherry Hills is one of the trickiest in golf. It is narrow and exacting and it concludes dramatically with a championship par-4 across a lake and uphill to a green backdropped by a gabled, brick clubhouse. But it is in the middle of the homeward nine that Cherry Hills demands the very most of any attacker.

The 14th tee sits closer to an out-of-bounds fence on the right than any slicer wishes. The drive must carry well over a gradual fairway rise and come to rest close to a line of American elms shielding the boundary. Here the fairway slants down and left to a medium-size, undulating green, ringed by cottonwoods, locusts and Siberian elms. It is militantly guarded on the left by something called Little Dry



One haunting peek at Little Dry Creek can scare a man.

Creek, which is not dry and is not playable. The creek curls around and behind the green, and the slightest hook will bounce briskly toward it.

Joseph Dey is particularly proud of the hole, for it was the USGA's executive director who, in altering Cherry Hills for the 1960 Open, shoved the fairway 35 yards up and to the right, bringing it closer to the tree line and farther from the green and making the 14th more of what Mr. Dey likes to call a "man's hole."

The thin air of Colorado did little for this man's drive. It left me a four-wood from the green, and I felt I was going to have to hit the shot with both feet off the ground to have a chance. The four-wood was not firmly hit, flying feet or no. It turned out to be a dainty hook that tried hard to become big-wet in Little Dry. It stopped a foot short of the creek and about 10 yards from the green. The wedge up left a 15-footer for the par, and I made the putt. It's like the pros say: Cherry Hills is nothing but a drive and a putt.

15 OAKMONT

PAR 4 458 YARDS

Almost every instrument that has been invented for golf since Mary Queen of Scots did or did not originate the game—the wooden tee, the wedge, the one-iron, the shoe cleat and the scooter, to name a few—has been designed to help the poor player get back to the clubhouse more easily. There is one notable exception: a dark and dented three-foot metal bar with long V-shaped teeth the width of a golf ball and a place to attach weights. This infamous instrument was used for 40 years to carve deep, awesome furrows in the deep, awesome sand traps of Oakmont Country Club in Pittsburgh. It was a crude device, never marketed



Season ticket sale: Row 7, Aisle 2, Section 8, Bunker 5,

of course, and used only at Oakmont. Why? Because William C. Fownes Jr., son of a steel baron and designer of the course, wanted to have one of the most difficult 18s anywhere when he laid it out in 1903. Furrows in the traps would do it, he decided, explaining, "A shot poorly played should be a shot irrevocably lost."

Well, Oakmont has lost an awful lot of shots, thanks to Mr. Fownes, who devoted his later life to the care and feeding of its traps, its obscured ditches that border every fairway and its enormous, ice-slick greens. For the first 50 years of its existence—in which it generated such traditions as singing *Loch Lomond* before all formal meetings, and lost Andrew Mellon as a member because he objected to the dues being raised—Oakmont was indeed known as a cruel course, perhaps even unfair. When the club first held the U.S. Open in 1927, winner Tommy Armour did not break 300, although Open champions had been breaking 300 for a

decade. When the Open returned to Oakmont in 1935 the winner was Sam Parks Jr., a local pro who had learned to handle the greens, and his 299 total was the highest since Armour's. "In those days," Armour recalled recently, "you didn't play a shot at Oakmont, you manipulated it. And it was a great relief when a round was over."

All of this led to a classic debate in 1953 as Oakmont began preparations for still another Open Championship. As always, the bent-grass fairways and greens were in immaculate condition, but the furrows were deep as ever. Remove the furrows, said the USGA. Oakmont, a wealthy, sedate, golf-serious club, was aghast. The club's grounds committee, headed by Frank Mazze, a retired president of Alcoa, told the USGA it would sooner remove the metal industry from Pittsburgh. A compromise was reached, but only after a fierce struggle. Oakmont would keep its hallowed furrows but would sharply reduce the depth of them by reshaping its rake. The USGA's Joe Dey, a writer before he became the most powerful figure in golf, remembers the argument well, for in the fullness of it he jotted down the following *Ode to Oakmont*.

*O, the dense hills to the sand along the sea
Where the waves dash high with mighty, minotauric claps
Are as smooth as glossy silk or homogenized milk,
When compared with Oakmont's furrowed traps.*

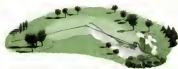
*For a gentlemanly bunker, give me those
That don't ever show on topographic maps,
Where the soil's politely raked—neither carved nor sculpted
nor faked—
But deliver me from Oakmont's furrowed traps.*

Deliver me, too, Joe. Oakmont to this day believes that each hole on its course is the best, toughest and most superbly conditioned anywhere. But the 15th is especially noteworthy, a par-4 with a blind tee shot up a hill and then an approach around a gentle dogleg to the right. The huge green—it is 50 yards long, and used to be 100—is set in a slight valley. There are furrows left and furrows right, most of them assembled row on row in a bunker 95 yards long and 15 yards wide that stretches to the back of the green on the right side. Nor are you necessarily home once the green is reached: it is large enough and fast enough to six-putt. My drive was safe up the left side, but I had a three-iron to go. Three-irons have a nasty habit of locating the biggest bunkers at Oakmont, and mine did. An explosion shot from the furrows is more a pop than a boom, but I got down in two putts from 80 feet for a bogey 5. If it had been the old days of the deep furrows I would be there yet, inventing another rake and reciting something besides poetry.

16 OAKLAND HILLS PAR 4 405 YARDS

When a golfer takes his first look at Oakland Hills Country Club in Birmingham, Mich., a few assembly lines out of Detroit, he wonders what all the fuss is about. He has turned from a busy, supermarket-lined thoroughfare into a driveway leading to an enormous white clubhouse, and now all

he can see from the veranda is a wide-open, moderately rolling 18 holes surrounded in the main by housing developments. It is difficult for him to believe that this is the storied old course that has held four U.S. Opens, that had Walter Hagen for its first professional—his pro shop was a converted hen house—and that became notorious during the 1951 Open Championship after it had been revamped by Robert Trent Jones. It is only after the golfer makes his



Hit the iron shot firmly, or blame Robert Trent Jones.

tour of Oakland Hills that he can fully appreciate what it once was, what Jones did to it and what it has become—a just and subtle test of golf.

Initially, Oakland Hills was merely a good course for its well-to-do Birmingham membership. Six years after it was built, the 1924 Open was held there, distinguished primarily for the fact that steel-shafted putters were permitted for the first time. And 13 years later, when Ralph Guldahl won an Open there, the course was considered a pushover as Open courses go. Guldahl shot 281, a new 72-hole record for the event. But Oakland Hills had a golfing destiny; two men saw to that.

Nowhere in any history of golf will the name of John Oswald be found, but he deserves a place. Oswald, a Ford styling engineer and an Oakland Hills member, was chairman of the greens committee for the 1951 Open. He steadfastly insisted that the course should be made tougher, and then twice as tough as that (shades of Oakmont). This gave Architect Jones, who had been hired for the remodeling, encouragement he hardly needed, and he prepared the most vicious course on which a major championship has ever been played—"the monster," Ben Hogan called it after his victory, or at least those are the words the press settled on. Ben having been somewhat more tart.

Jones made changes faster than a truck could haul sand. He added 66 new bunkers, some of them in the center of fairways. While Oswald kept smiling, fairways were pulled in as narrow as 19 paces in landing areas 240 to 260 yards out, a characteristic which prompted Sam Snead to say, "The only way you can walk down 'em is Indian file." Greens were reshaped and rebunkered to provide a definite "wrong side" for approach shots. The result was a course that forced the experts to think, plan and manage every stroke. But, as the pros predicted in unshushed agony, it was also a course that too severely punished the slightest mistake. Only two scores were turned in below 70, and Hogan's closing 67 for a 7-over-par 287 is still talked about as the finest single round ever played.

The ghoulsh declaring of Oakland Hills marked a turning point in USGA thinking. Since then, the organization has taken a closer hand in the preparation of its tours

continued

ment courses, making certain that no such dragon appears again. Thus it was that 10 years later, when the Open returned to Oakland Hills, the monster had vanished. Numerous bunkers were gone, fairways were wider and Gene Littler won with a 281.

This series of alterations has left a marked effect on Oakland Hills, which has finally settled into that sound category: tough but fair. The course still appears open to the casual view, but take another look. That lonesome tree you see out there is in exactly the right spot. Every tree that has been planted since 1951, every bush, has been carefully positioned to enhance the playing quality. That is the secret of Oakland Hills. The 16th hole is a perfect example. There would appear to be room for all kinds of blunders, but actually you cannot err and get a par unless you know how to hit a shot from a lake bottom.

The 16th, or lake hole as it is called, was always treacherous, but gradual improvements have made it superb. Jones moved the green so that it protrudes into the water like a thumb. Behind it he inserted an array of bunkers, one of them a tiny pot trap that does a spectacular business. The approach, ideally played with a mid-iron, is a rugged challenge when the pin is set to the right, because the shot must carry the water—200 balls a month are swept from the lake—and then bite hard to stop short of the sand and a dangerous explosion shot.

For some reason that perhaps only golf architects can explain, there are many celebrated 16th holes in America. Perhaps the most talked about is the one at Cypress Point, that photogenic par-3 across the ocean (it is actually so difficult as to be unfair), and the one at Merion, a par-4 with a long carry over a rock quarry. But the 16th at Oakland Hills is the best, for its length is not killing and after a decent tee shot the golfer has that marvelous gamble of going for the flag over the lake.

There is a way to play 16 without much of a gamble, however. You can drive an ugly hook into the left rough, pray for a four-wood as it slithers in cowardly fashion along the left side of the fairway and execute a sloppy chip 12 feet past the cup. Then you misread the green and take two putts for a bogey. That is how I did it. I was not going to let Trent Jones and John Oswald make a fool out of me.

17 QUAIL CREEK PAR 4 459 YARDS

One day there is nothing but a bald hill, a swamp, a valley or a prairie, and the next day—zap—a new golf course appears, with a clubhouse that rears up like an airline terminal. Then a day later—zap, zap—a real-estate development surrounds the fairways, with four cars in every garage and a whole steer in every freezer. It happens anywhere in America where land is available, men have ideas and bank officers are optimists—a symptom of the prosperous '60s. But in few areas has it happened as suddenly, or rewardingly, as it did in 1961 on the northwestern edge of Oklahoma City. One day there was grassland where youngsters shot birds, and the next—zap—Quail Creek Golf and Country Club.

Unlike so many modern clubs that are built only to lure

buyers for big homes, Quail Creek was never thought of as a cheap piece of bait. It was laid out as a solid 7,000-yard test of golf by ex-Pro Floyd Farley, and it includes a rambling rock clubhouse with broad glassed-in vistas and a cocktail lounge at every carpeted dogleg. After all this came the homes, a striking variety of them that range in cost from \$35,000 to \$250,000, many in such intimate proximity to the fairways that it seems a sharp hook off a tee could end up in somebody's electric oven. One of the houses hugging the 6th fairway has an exposed patio conveniently equipped with a Coke machine for thirsty players. The house belongs to Head Pro Ernie Vossler, and the machine belongs to his children. The proceeds may put all five little Vosslers through college.

As the first new club in Oklahoma City in 10 years, Quail Creek was an immediate success. The city's young executives and professional men flocked to it in twelvesomes, paying \$4,000 initiation fees. Almost overnight the club had 525 members. Their average age was only 39, and while Oklahoma City Country Club and Twin Hills, which held the 1935 PGA Championship, still flourish, Quail Creek has



This is a very easy birdie—if your wife is named Winnie.

become the city's leading golf community. It has staged the pro tour's Oklahoma City Open since 1962, and it now is being ranked in the Southwest with Fort Worth's Colonial, Houston's Champions and Tulsa's Southern Hills.

Quail Creek juts forth from its clubhouse in two directions, the first nine reaching out toward town and the Vossler Coke concession, the second toward the vacant Oklahoma horizon. There are lazy rolls on the course, a few ponds, numerous doglegs, and on the back nine there is Quail Creek itself.

Nowhere does the creek come into play as severely as it does on the 17th hole, a par-4 that is not only the best single adventure at Quail Creek but one of the best anywhere. To the left of the tee there are smallish elms, sycamores, sweet gums, a large bunker and a boundary line, all ready to capture a medium hook. On the right, winding near an assortment of large oaks and cottonwoods and altogether too near the golfer, is the creek. Nor is the center of the fairway overly inviting, for it rises slowly to a first, then a second level. If the player hopes to reach the green with an iron on his second shot, he must drive to the highest plateau of the fairway, which is some 230 yards out. Failing that, he must haul forth a three-wood, attempt to ignore the tributary of Quail Creek that crosses the fairway 80 yards in front of the green and hitch up his trousers like Arnold Palmer.

Palmer won the 1964 Oklahoma City Open at this hole by driving more than 300 yards, then nailing an eight-iron to within 14 inches of the cup for a birdie. My ambition on the tee was to stay out of the creek. The drive was safely straight but had the air of a nine-iron. The green offered a large target—Quail Creek's greens are only slightly small-

er than Bolivia—but I was a long-wood shot away. I think I tried to guide the ball, for it quickly hooked in the direction of the sweet gums and infinity. But I had planned the shot well. First bounce: over the creek. Second bounce: off a tree trunk. Landing place: in the fairway 30 yards shy of the green. A pitch and two putts. *Zap!* Easy bogey.

18 PEBBLE BEACH PAR 5 530 YARDS

For those who believe man came from the sea and wants some day to return to it, there is no better place than the 18th hole at Pebble Beach. For 530 full yards there is nothing but sea to the left of the tee, fairway and green. If the pounding surf erodes the nerve of the player, it also erodes the 18th hole, and there is the fearsome feeling that the whole scene—fairway, trees, green, caddy and golfer—is about to be swallowed by the Pacific Ocean. Until that happens, a man can do one of two things at the end of his golfing day at Pebble: he can finish his round with a glorious flourish and get his par or birdie, or he can mark an X on the scorecard, plop into an inner tube and float sullenly off in the direction of Hawaii. Thus Pebble Beach's 18th is dramatic, beautiful and stimulating; in sum, a peerless finishing hole.

Pebble Beach Golf Course is a public links—weekend greens fees \$10—sitting at the foot of 17-Mile Drive near Carmel, Calif., on the Monterey Peninsula. It is part of that piney, hilly coastal area about three hours from San Francisco that ranks as one of the country's loveliest for both golf and living. The course is best known as one of three used to stage the Bing Crosby National Pro-Amateur each January. The others are no more than a short Mercedes ride and a couple of palatial homes away. If final proof of the peninsula's dedication to golf is needed, one has only to observe how many of the hanging, swerving, modern houses in the area are graced with such purposeful names as *Shankra*.

All of this scenic and sporting splendor got its start in 1915, when Samuel F.B. Morse, still active as chairman of the board of Del Monte Properties, decided he wanted a dream golf course as an attraction for the development. Two men, Jack Neville and Douglas Grant, designed Pebble Beach for him, and it opened in 1918.

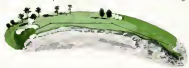
Mr. Morse knew what attracts, and the area has sprouted 500 homes since then. But the golf course has changed little. Only the 18th hole has taken on new characteristics. Through the early years the sea slammed against it with such fierceness that about 30 yards of fairway were torn away, the original tee which hung out in the ocean was devoured and the big bunker left of the green began to disappear, foot by sandy foot. Faced with the prospect of a 17-hole golf course, Del Monte officials had a stout seawall built and have maintained it at considerable expense. But the ocean had already succeeded in making the 18th a considerably tougher hole.

For example, the present tee, just behind the 17th green, tempts the golfer with an enticing shot over the water that will shorten the hole. But if crossing oceans is not your forte, there is precious little room to play safe. On the right is a

strang of tall Monterey pines and then the front yards of some modest mansions, whose lawns and gardens are out of bounds. From tee to green, then, the situation is this: trees and homes on the right, Carmel Bay on the left, and have a pleasant voyage.

Carmel Bay has claimed a lot of golf balls from both good players and bad, because the 18th is just short enough, with the prevailing wind from behind, to encourage a player who gets off the tee fairly well to try for the green on his second. Because of the gambling qualities it offers, spectators at the Crosby tournament—and at the U.S. Amateur championships in 1929 and 1961—have seen more than their share of startling finishes at the 18th. There was, for example, Gene Littler's effort in the 1959 Crosby. Playing beautifully down the stretch, Littler picked up eight strokes on Art Wall, the faltering leader, from the 65th to the 71st hole. Littler now needed a birdie on 18 to tie Wall. Gene had played the hole at least 30 times as a pro and amateur, and should have felt at home and confident. Maybe he was, but he hit a spectacular hook into Carmel Bay, proving the 18th, sooner or later, gets to everybody.

It got me psychologically. On the tee I was in an attacking frame of mind, because all I needed was a birdie to bring America's Best 18 to its knees with an 82. My drive was fine, taking off a corner of the bay, and it appeared that a crisp spoon shot would reach the green. For an instant I thought of playing safe for a par 5. Yet, as every golfer knows, 82 sounds infinitely better than 83. Eighty-two, in fact, sounds sort of like you would have shot in the 70s if the cleats in your shoes had been new. In a moment none of this mattered, because I suffered an oceanlock, a strange



No problem here: just use two woods and a surfboard.

Pebble Beach disease. I swung, and the ball sloshed miserably off to the right, still 130 yards from the green. After that, I nine-ironed up and took two hitless putts for the 5 and the 83.

It had been quite a round. I had played the best 18 holes in the country, holes that added up to a well-balanced 7,174-yard course with a par of 36-36-72. I had felt bad at times that the course could not have been 36 holes, so that I could have included Pinchurst, Medinah, Southern Hills, Broadmoor, Saucon Valley and Shinnecock Hills, all of which have holes that barely missed the cut. But I had seen enough to know what the best course in America is—Merion, if you must ask. I had managed to par nine holes and birdie one. I had, come to think of it, really humiliated myself with penalty strokes and three-putt greens only twice (triple bogeys at Augusta and Colonial). So I have decided to look at the bright side of my 83. It may not be a score to make Arnold Palmer take up soccer, but it would have been among the low rounds in the 1901 U.S. Open. Think of that. I feel better. Want to match cards? **END**

A SHOW FOR CENTER COURT

Half time pomp usually is a fall phenomenon reserved for football fans, with big bands and girls twirling batons. Half time at a basketball game traditionally has 15 minutes of nothing. Now something is being done about that nothing. At schools like Brigham Young, Toledo and Butler University in Indiana a second show starts at intermission. Butler's 24 Half-Time Honeys (preparing at right for a "June Taylor Dancers" number) have a new routine for every home game. The Honeys are chosen by audition each fall and receive partial scholarships; a Honey who makes it into the eighth semester gets a full scholarship. Many are dance students. Their performances fall short of Rockette precision but are splendidly enthusiastic—as the following pages confirm.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEE BALTERMAN





The Half-Time Honeys rehearse the "Chitney Sweeps" dance number



from the "Fantasy of Mary Poppins" show put on between halves of Butler's recent game with St. Joseph's.



In a swirl of color, Sandra McDevitt, who plays Mary Poppins, brings a magic touch to the half-time extravaganza.



HARD MAPLE is brought down to Jack Daniel's Hollow, sawed up, and rick-burned for charcoal to smooth out our Tennessee whiskey

Charcoal Mellowing starts with *hard* maple from *high* ground, rick-burned in the *open air*. The special charcoal that results is ground up fine and tamped tightly 10 feet deep in vats. Then our whiskey is seeped down through it . . . drop by drop . . . for 10 long days. As you can see, this costs us a lot of time and work. But the rare *sippin'* smoothness it gives Jack Daniel's, we believe, makes it all well spent.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED



DROP



BY DROP

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PEOPLE

Champion Crago's Red San of Cote de Neige, a Pembroke Welsh Corgi with vital statistics of 26½-10-33, has won Best of Breed in dog shows from New Hampshire to the Lehigh Valley and is entered in this week's Westminster dog show. Mary Elizabeth Goodneighbor, Crago's 43-24-40 owner, has won some titles of her own, among them Miss Guaranteed All Woman and Miss Heavy Armored Maintenance. Miss Goodneighbor, you see, is also *Irina the Body* (below, with dog's handler), a green-eyed, blonde stripper. She is devoted to other sports, too, never missing a football or baseball game anywhere she is performing. This is not surprising, since it was the applause of the Clemson football team that launched her career. It happened at a state fair at which Irina was a showgirl in a troupe with another stripper. "The Clemson team kept cheering me and booing her until she walked off the stage," Irina recalls. "She handed me her three pieces of blue lace and said, 'If they want you they can have you.' I just walked out and did what came naturally."

Among the provinces of *Sir Winston Churchill's* will is the distribution of his racehorses. Son-in-law Christopher Soames inherits three broodmares, worth about £27,500, and an option on the stud farm at Lingfield, 95 acres now housing nine mares and three yearlings.

Franklin Mieuli, owner of pro basketball's San Francisco Warriors, was really anticipating the Mission Invitational Golf Tournament, a fancy affair with lady scorekeepers and other luxuries. "I've had so much of a strain lately over the sale of *Will Chamberlain*," said Mieuli, "that I'm looking forward to some complete relaxation without a thought of basketball." At the first tee he was introduced to his scorekeeper—Mrs. Will Chamberlain.

Young *Peter Jennings*, a 27-year-old Canadian, is competing in the big leagues now as ABC's new answer to *Hurley-Brinkley* and *Walter Cronkite*, but then *Newscaster Jennings* has always sought out competition. After playing soccer, football, hockey and cricket at Trinity College

School and Carleton University in Canada, Jennings became a member of Canada's international cricket team. When he came to New York, "a tough place for a sportsman," he had to leave behind his home in a game preserve outside Ottawa, his cricket bat, his hockey stick, his boat and his Mercedes 190 SL. "And I used to ski for two hours every morning before I went to work," says Jennings mournfully. "I did bring my skis here, but I've had them out of the closet just once. That was to wax them."

Guarded by a detachment of the Mexican army, *Jacqueline Kennedy* cooked chicken mole, swam and waterskied behind iron gates in Acapulco. Joining her for those activities at the beachside villa of Mexican Socialite-Architect Fernando Parra were Princess Lee Radziwill, Prince Stanislas Radziwill and Prince Pierre Salmer.

"I just don't want to see the Hudson River Valley ruined," said former film fighter *James Cagney*, coming out of retirement with his fists up. Tough-guy-turned-conservationist Cagney, like most other New Yorkers aware of the scheme, is furious at Consolidated Edison's determination to build a power plant at Storm King Mountain, thereby spoiling the most scenic point on the scenic Hudson. Cagney took the trouble to fire off angry telegrams to Senators Robert Kennedy and Thomas Kuchel (Calif.), particularly protesting the destruction of striped-bass and shad fisheries. This time it was Cagney vs. Public Enemy No. 1, Utilities and Entrenched Politicians divisions. "We've got a fight on our hands," spot Cagney.

Continuing Adventures of the Queen Ahamad: Elizabeth traveled from Ethiopia to Sudan, where the highlight of her visit was a two and one-half mile race featuring 15 thoroughbred camels.

Those sheep that graze in right field at Kansas City Municipal Stadium are being given their unconditional releases, announces Athletics Owner *Charles O. Finley*. They will be replaced as mascots by a genuine Missouri mule, contributed to the A's by a genuine Missouri governor, *Warren Hearnes*. The mule, naturally, is named *Charley-O*. What is more, promises Finley, on Opening Day he, Charles Finley, will personally ride his namesake from home to third, and possibly back. Finley has also revealed another gimmick. The Opening Day bat boy, unlike the mule, is named *Hobbi Johnson* and is a girl. And how: she was Miss U.S.A. 1964.

Barry Goldwater (below), who usually pofknacks to the right and golfs down the middle, had all his worst fears about the far left confirmed. Orving off the sixth tee in pro-am play at the Phoenix Open, Goldwater hooked so sharply that his ball struck a spectator. Shaken by this venture into extremism, Goldwater—who continued to play only after being assured the man would be all right—lost.



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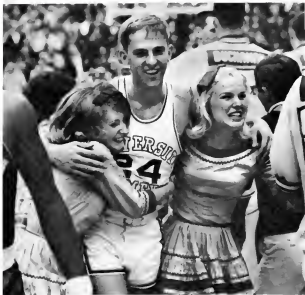


The Stewarts have fun "creating in snow." All members of this Park Ridge, Illinois, family are NML policyowners.

PHOTO BY STEPHEN MILLER

The five immovable objects stood fast

in their battle with the irresistible forces of Brigham Young, and earlier against Utah, New Mexico's Lobos upheld their rating as the country's top defensive team and took the lead in the best-balanced conference



SUB DON HOOVER TIED UTAH GAME IN OVERTIME, WON HUGS BY CHEERLEADERS

Not since the days of cowboys and Indians—or boss thieves and posers, anyway—had the West had such a nice basic conflict. It was not, unfortunately, bad guys and good guys—the terms being statistical rather than moral—but there was never a more dramatic confrontation. Coming out of Provo, Utah was Brigham Young, for most of the season the nation's No. 1 offensive team, headed for Albuquerque, home of the New Mexico Lobos, the nation's best defensive team. Any fan in Albuquerque

who went the whole week without once using the expressions "irresistible force" and "immovable object" was clearly tortured by restraint.

It may indeed have been the classic basketball face-off. Because the teams happened to be the two best in what may suddenly become the best conference, none of the game's luster was lost when Miami (Fla.) coincidentally scored 141 points against somebody not even listed in the NCAA Guide to displace Brigham Young in the top offensive spot.

As it turned out, the Cougars would have slid back to second anyway, because the Lobos held them to 70 points, scored 89 on their own and thus moved into first place in the Western Athletic Conference.

It would be very neat to wrap it all up in ribbons as a victory for defense over offense, but it was really rebounding that won for New Mexico. Such a fuss had been made about the Lobos' allowing only 48 points a game that it had been almost forgotten they were also second in the country in rebounding. The New Mexico defense was outstanding—particularly in keeping BYU's high-scoring John Fairchild from getting the ball inside—but it was on the boards that the Lobos were toughest, outrebounding the visitors 41-22.

The battle was certainly joined in the spirit of the occasion, though. Each team went with its strength, a fact that was strongly suggested at practice the day before the game. For offense, New Mexico made but a cursory concession to foul shooting and working the ball inside (and only as part of a full-court drill). Otherwise Coach Bob King worked the whole time on defense. Then Coach Stan Watts came on with the Cougars, who, in their fashion, concentrated on fast breaks. It was a wasted practice, though, for the next night Brigham Young just could not get the ball often enough to make the break work. Counting liberally, the Cougars got off five breaks, and scored on only one of them.

New Mexico scored once on a break—which it does about as regularly as the U.S. makes the Gadsden Purchase. With the squad's only senior, an intense and emotional little guard named Skip Kruvich, running the team, New Mexico most of the time plays a deliberate game that often means passing up shots from as close as the free-throw line. Perhaps because there never was any worthwhile basketball in New Mexico before, the fans are not disappointed by this. They

continued



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Fortune's Five Hundred

It is not recorded just what standards Mrs. Astor applied in the nineties to determine who would be in the Four Hundred admitted to her ballroom.

The standard for entry to FORTUNE's Five Hundred, however, is simple—net product sales. To qualify for FORTUNE's 10th Annual Directory of the largest U.S. Industrials a company had to have net sales in 1963 of at least \$85,984,000—half of which must have come from mining or manufacturing.

This minimum figure is \$2.7 million more than 1962, and a very considerable \$36.3 million more than in the first directory ten years ago.

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Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?

screamed, "Slow it down," and expressed genuine displeasure when the Lobos—with the game settled—began to score with more ease against Brigham Young. What was upsetting the fans was that scoring by New Mexico meant that Brigham Young could get the ball and also score. Johnson Gymnasium was one loud groan when the Cougars hit 70—meaningless though the figure was. "When you're No. 1 in defense," Skip Knauf says, "you develop pride in that side of the game fast enough." Everyone at New Mexico is on the defense.

The University of New Mexico is in Albuquerque because, the story goes, Santa Fe, the state capital, had a choice and decided it would rather have the state pen than the state university. Albuquerque, at the foot of the Sandia Mountains, is one of the fastest-growing and sunniest cities in America. By actual count, according to the front page of the afternoon newspaper, the sun has now shone on Albuquerque on 1,154 of the last 1,156 days, and that was a wonderfully reassuring knowledge to bask in last week when the temperature seldom rose over 30 sunny degrees. Albuquerque is built like its name, oblong. It follows Route 66 for almost as long as these two guys in the sports car on TV. Route 66 runs for almost 20 miles within the city limits, with both sides banked almost entirely by gas stations, motels and restaurants that give hamburgers fancy names. If you like hamburgers and free TV in every room, you can get your kicks on Route 66. Gratefully, this neon dedication to the garish is interrupted by the university campus, which is all done in Pueblo style. Johnson Gymnasium (basketball capacity 6,457) is also in this style, despite its size. Johnson faces right on 66, with a statue of a lobo in front of it. This is probably the only lobo that any one at UNM has ever seen, since this breed of wolf—and, indeed, all wolves—has long since left the state. For a live mascot the university has to make do with a tough-looking Alaskan husky that masquerades as a lobo.

The husky-lobo attends football games but is not permitted to go to the basketball games, because it gets too excited around the court. There is hardly room for it anyway, basketball is suddenly bringing out such interest throughout Albuquerque. Ticket demands were so great for the BYU game that the student allotment had to be raised—a move

that not only shut out many angry local fans but almost kept out some Mormon missionaries who wandered in from Indian reservations to root for their Cougars. This sort of clamor is altogether new at New Mexico. Just a few years ago only 800 or so were showing up for games and they, it seems, mostly for laughs. Things have turned around so fast that in the brief time he has been at New Mexico—less than three seasons—Coach King's teams have won more games (57) than the Lobos did in the previous nine years.

This renaissance is not confined to New Mexico. The entire Western Athletic Conference, which is just three years old, is playing basketball that is at least the equal of any in the country. Only the Missouri Valley has an inter-conference lead over the WAC (10-6), and against all outside competition the WAC record this year is 74-21. This is most simply accounted for by good recruiting, much of it in the Midwest. Coach King, an Illinoisan with a stop-over for three years as an assistant coach at Iowa, has a starting lineup of players from Detroit, Indianapolis, Canton, Ohio and Mokena, Ill. The naive ringer is Ben Monroe, who makes up for some of the local deficiency by being not only from New Mexico but from Carlsbad, where he worked summers past in the caverns. Another element in New Mexico's and the WAC's success is the liberal use of junior college transfers. Three of the New Mexico starters stopped on their way from the Midwest long enough to play ball and study at junior colleges in Iowa, Kansas and Colorado.

The overall strength in the conference is illustrated by the fact that, before last week's games eased things a bit, four teams were virtually tied for first place. Then New Mexico moved to the top alone when it beat Brigham Young after Brigham Young had beaten Wyoming and Arizona State beat Arizona. On Thursday, Wyoming had given the Cougars a real fight before bowing, just as Utah was doing with the Lobos. Both games went to the final buzzer. In Laraine, BYU Guard Mike Gardner won the game 96-94 with a last-second layup. In Albuquerque, the home folks felt called upon to bombard the court once with trash, but at least they went home winners when New Mexico sophomore Bill Morgan threw in a jumper with seven seconds left in the overtime period



TRIPLE-TEAMED Utah place is generated by New Mexico defense, same, that forces errors.


to end it 65-64. In regulation time Jerry Chambers of Utah had tied the game at the buzzer with one of his line-drive jump shots from near the free-throw line. He was fouled in the act but missed what would have been the winning point when his free throw first hit the back rim, then the front one, before bouncing out. Poor Chambers missed another foul with 18 seconds left in the overtime, and that led to New Mexico getting the ball back and to Morgan making the winning shot.

New Mexico's effort against Utah was as poor as any the team had shown this year, but the Lobos can be excused a few odd nights since, remarkably, three of the starters are sophomores. But King's sophomores—Morgan, Monroe and 6-foot-9 Mel Daniels—have caught on amazingly fast. It is these three, together with junior Dick (Boo) Ellis, who rattle the backboards so thoroughly,

by Michael



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Triumph Spitfire!

(Ellis is a nephew of the original Boo Ellis from Niagara and the pros. This Boo Ellis is New Mexico's, and possibly the conference's, most complete player.) With all four crashing the boards, King admits that his team is vulnerable to fast breaks, but so far no one has been able to get the ball in the first place against the Lobos. BYU's Cougars rebounded so poorly that Fairchild, who was averaging better than 11 a game, was able to snare only six, and that took care of BYU's fast-break game.

In trying to force its own fast-break tempo on the game, BYU also planned to upset New Mexico's methodical pace by pressuring its source, Kruzich. "This New Mexico kind of offense," said BYU Assistant Pete Witbeck before the game, "relies on the type of smart boy that Kruzich is. If we can force him, we may change their whole style." Coach Watts assigned his best defensive player, Guard Dick Nemelka, to handle Kruzich, and the plan worked at first. Nemelka drove Kruzich constantly to the left and so harassed him—New Mexico style—in straight one-on-one situations that he stole the ball twice. But the Brigham Young defense made was nowhere near as stringent, and eventually Kruzich was able to move the ball in.

"Nemelka was good. He's real tough," Kruzich said afterward, "but the rest of them didn't seem to care too much for defense. I could see Daniels in there, feeling Fairchild on him and then simply rolling the other way. Mel would just stick a hand up then, and it was easy to spot him the ball."

Fairchild did not seem to enjoy the multitude of Lobos underneath. Early in the game he sank five beautiful baskets within a period of less than three minutes to bring Brigham Young behind at 10-13 to ahead 21-17. But as sparkling as he was offensively during this stretch, he twice fouled Daniels and twice let him make baskets, so that New Mexico stayed in the game. Morgan, who was guarding Fairchild, suddenly got meaner on defense, and from then on the Cougars' graceful big man got only six more shots and made only two of them. On the other hand, the Lobos' big men, Daniels and Morgan, had no trouble getting the ball. Daniels, who was guarded by Fairchild, led everyone with 26 points and 11 rebounds. The Lobos made 36 baskets, and 21 of them were simple layups or tap-ins.

Brigham Young held on into the second half, mostly because of good shooting. The Cougars made 17 of 35 shots in the first 22 minutes, and then caved in. The rest of the way they were seven for 26. "That's the way a good defensive team will do it to you," Watts said afterward. "They'll get you out of your pattern, and then you start taking the really bad shots."

Shaking New Mexico is a bit more difficult. Only once all last year, in the finals of the National Invitational Tournament, were the Lobos really beaten.

Bradley swamped them 86-54. "You know how we caught on to this campus?" Kruzich asked. "Nobody even talks about that game. They act like it just never happened. I guess they all figure we had 28 good games, so we had one bad one coming. They don't talk about that game. But we really want to go back to New York. We got there last year and we were walking around and people said, 'Oh, New Mexico. You play basketball out there?' Well, we showed them. We even got to be everybody's favorite. Oh man, do we want to go back to that NIT? You know what it is, a lot of it? Dick and me, we're the only ones who started on that team, and the other guys, the sophomores, all they hear about is that great New Mexico team of last year. But it doesn't mean much, because they weren't a part of it. You know what they want? They want to overcome that team. And Dick and I are all for that. We're on this team now. We'd like to be remembered for this one now."

At most schools, once the team beats a couple of rinky-dinks, the students start screaming. "We're No. 1." At New Mexico, where all this winning is new, the cheer is a modest "We want in the top 10." Which is very reasonable. The night before the Brigham Young game, a fraternity held New Mexico's very first basketball rally. It was well advertised and complete with a Cougar effigy that was burned, but still only about 50 people showed up and a lot of them were hanging around the frat house anyway. Kruzich dropped by because his girl, Sandra Marshall, is head of the Chaparrals, the girl cheerleaders. He looked around at the slim gathering. "I guess it's just hard to get traditions so quickly," he said, "when you've only been having champions for a couple of years."

END

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BRIDGE / Charles Goren

A Cooke with a recipe for victory

As one who occasionally misplaces his engagement book, I am sometimes embarrassed to discover that I am expected to be in two places at the same time. Haherto, this has always required apologies, but recently, when my travel aides planned two overlapping Goren bridge cruises—to the Orient and the Caribbean—they not only booked me in two places simultaneously, they actually got me to both of them! On Tuesday, January 12, I was in Hong Kong. Yet on Tuesday, January 12, I was also in California and two hours earlier in the day, thanks to a swift Japan Air Lines jet and a west-to-east crossing of the international date line.

As a result, I had no trouble boarding the TSS *Olympus*

North-South vulnerable
South dealer



Opening lead: King of clubs

in plenty of time to set out for the Caribbean with a record passenger list of 380 bridge fans. One of them was Barclay Cooke, a former Madison Square Garden sportscaster and a socialite member of the Racquet and Regency clubs. Cooke is not only one of the best backgammon players in the country but a bridge player of considerable skill. When Helen Sobel was unable to make the trip, Cooke filled in as the fourth member of my cruise team. Thanks in part to his steady play, we defeated both our international rivals—teams from Puerto Rico and the Netherlands Antilles—by substantial margins. We did well on this week's hand because Cooke made a play that gave an opponent from the Antilles a chance to go wrong.

Gerrit Groeters and Hans Dykhuut were playing North-South for the Antilles. Boris Koytchou's three-club bid on the West hand was a preemptive weak jump overall that succeeded in stealing sufficient bidding space to land South in the wrong suit; at the other table, Harold Ogust and I played the hand in diamonds.

Koytchou continued with a second round of clubs and South ruffed, leading the queen of hearts for a finesse. Cooke—who afterward confessed to be far more nervous in the bridge match than in his customary \$50 a point backgammon game—ducked the trick without a moment's hesitation. A more suspicious declarer might have taken a bit of insurance by postponing a repetition of the apparently successful heart finesse for long enough to enter dummy with a diamond and ruff a third club with the jack of hearts. He would still have a small heart for a finesse of dummy's 10, but the extra club ruff in the South hand would have averted disaster: when East gained the lead with the heart king he would not have another club to return. But apparently Cooke looked like a guileless opponent, for South omitted this precaution. He continued by leading a second heart to dummy's 10.

This time Cooke pounced on the trick and returned the suit, leaving himself with the one outstanding trump. When he ruffed the third diamond, declarer had no answer to a club continuation and so was defeated.

And a lucky thing, too. As I mentioned earlier, Harold Ogust and I played the hand in diamonds—a contract at which game was a laydown. Unfortunately, we had stopped at four and stood to lose a bundle of points if our opponents made their vulnerable game.

END

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FLAT-OUT SNELL

continued from page 21

track coach at Mount San Antonio College in Walnut, Calif. Lodge had a recipe Snell wanted—for the surface of a running track. Lodge wrote it down, and it calls for $1\frac{1}{2}$ rubber buffings, $1\frac{1}{2}$ plaster sand and $1\frac{1}{2}$ 85/100 asphalt.

Snell, well pleased with his luck, tucked the list of ingredients into his briefcase. Then he held up a program for the upcoming meet. The cover photograph showed Peter Snell setting a world record—and beating Bill Crothers—in the 1,000-yard race three years ago. "It would be funny," he said, "if the picture they take tonight has us in reverse order."

But the negative was negative

The picture did not develop that way. When he was introduced Snell got an ovation that lasted just under his old record time of 2:06, and the time he spent beating his old, respected antagonist on Saturday was just over it—2:07.9. But these few moments were the highlight of the evening, and indeed the whole circus ground to a halt to watch—a pole vaulter all but poised in midair; a high jumper languishing on her back in the landing pit, looking out; a shotputter standing with the 16-pound ball suspended like a clock pendulum from his long, snowed arm. As Snell had predicted he would, he bolted to the front at the gun and thereafter the five-man field, with Crothers a reliable second, strung itself out and, like children at play, followed itself around the ellipse six and a quarter times. All the while Peter Snell seemed to be almost detached as he repeatedly cast his eyes back over his right shoulder and observed the proceedings. At the gun lap Crothers made his final challenge to put the flap-flapping New Zealander behind him. Snell just reached out a few inches more with his toes to preserve the status quo.

The race won, Snell went back to worrying about his interviews, his radio dispatches and the like, and Crothers sat down and told reporters he had run a stupid race. Which was not true at all. For Peter Snell had not done anything extra smart or crafty, nor had he really meant to. He just got in front of everybody else at the very beginning and proved again what everybody has known all along. He is the world's finest middle-distance runner. Not long after the race he was headed for home, 19 hours to the west.

END

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A MEETING IN THE MATO GROSSO

This passionately sought confrontation with a jaguar was 10 years in the making. It finally was effected in Brazil—despite fierce heat and the constant menace of giant wasps and alligators—after an exhausting search through hundreds of miles of haunted jungle

BY VIRGINIA KRAFT





It is coming this way!" Alberto shouted. There was a great crashing of brush as the dogs reversed direction and circled near. A small deer hurtled from a thicket, too panicked even to see us. The dogs changed direction again, their voices rising in fantastic chorus. It seemed that the entire Mato Grosso had erupted in sound.

We were running in a narrowing circle. From various sides I could hear the high-pitched shouts of the men. Above the din two shots exploded. I heard myself say, "Damn! They've shot the jaguar!" But over the frenetic bellow of the dogs Alberto yelled "No! They are shooting into the air to keep the dogs running. The dogs are close. They are gaining on the jaguar." And then the harking changed. The long, insistent screams seemed to catch midway, as if the dogs were straining and gasping for breath. Alberto shouted, "This way."

At first I did not see it, so perfectly did it blend into the blacks and grays and golds of the jungle's filtered sunlight. I watched me with fierce, amber eyes, as if it had known of this meeting all along and had been waiting for me to arrive. This was the big cat, the king of the New World, the prize at the end of a search that had begun almost 10 years before. Ten years of plotting and planning, and more than 10,000 miles of traveling, had led me finally to the base of this tree in the Mato Grosso (Great Forest) of Brazil, deep in the interior of South America.

The journey actually began in the dark, steaming rain forests of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec in southern Mexico (St. Jan. 26, 1959), where I first stalked the jaguar through 20-hour days and 100° heat. There was no trophy at the end of that trail, but I knew then with the certainty of obsession that someday, somewhere, I would meet the big cat.

For almost a year I thought it might be along the tangled jungle rivers of the Magdalena valley in northern Colombia, where two expatriate Americans had conceived grandiose plans for launching a modern floating sportsmen's lodge that "would move along with the game" into previously impenetrable equatorial estuaries. But the boat never got off, and the trip never came about.

I turned next to Venezuela, where I was offered not only a safari to match "the best in East Africa" but, unbelievably, I was *guaranteed* a jaguar. Outfitters occasionally complicate their lives by guaranteeing a client a shot at specific game (although the best ones seldom do), but this guarantee was unique. So, too, it proved later, was the outfitter. He managed to get himself killed in a duel over a misappropriated outboard motor.

I next tried Brazil. My inquiries there turned up numerous guides and outfitters, but the names of their previous clients are not to be found. Organized hunting as it exists in other big-game areas of the world simply does not exist in South America.

I had just about decided that setting up a jaguar hunt was as difficult as stalking the beast when I met an old friend, John Adams, at a cocktail party. He had spent considera-

ble time in Brazil and knew many people there. John asked quite innocently if I had any interest in hunting jaguar and, if so, would I like him to set me up with his friend, Alberto Machado. "The best jaguar hunter in Brazil." It was a good party, and I was feeling mellow, enough to humor his obviously warped wit. But the joke was on me a week later when inquiries turned up the astonishing information that Machado was indeed the best jaguar hunter in Brazil or, for that matter, South America.

For almost 20 years Alberto Machado had hunted the big cats. He had claimed more than 20 jaguars, 11 of which exceeded the measurements of the largest jaguar listed in the Boone and Crockett Club's *Records of North American Big Game*. South American trophies are not eligible for these records or Machado's name would fill half a page. Just this past summer, after five years of relentless effort, he had taken a rare black jaguar—possibly the last sports hunter ever to do so.

But Alberto Machado, a handsome, quiet and unassuming man, had neither a brochure to advertise his exceptional experience nor a particular interest in capitalizing upon it. For Machado, a medical doctor by training, hunting is purely sport, a luxury made possible by a prosperous vaccine business.

Machado was anything but enthusiastic about a female safari, but after much urging he finally agreed to guide me into the heart of the Mato Grosso. He warned that it would be hot, rough and rugged. Insects would be bad, and the rains might come at any time. We would have to bring everything with us, including food, because where we would hunt there were no provisions to be had.

It was the end of October and of the Brazilian spring when we started into the interior. We—my husband, Bob Grimm, and I—had flown the 4,820 miles from New York to Rio nonstop in nine hours. The 900 miles from Rio to the frontier town of Corumbá, just east of the Bolivian border, and from there 160 miles north to the area we would hunt, took 16 hours in a series of aging and assorted aircraft. This was the very center of the South American continent, where the long fingers of the Paraguay River reach north to the southwesternmost source of the even greater Amazon, and thousands of tributaries form a watery web across the land. In these vast basins lie the most extensive tropical forests to be found anywhere, many of them still peopled by ancient tribes and unpenetrated by the white man. The state of Mato Grosso is the second largest in Brazil, bigger than France, Portugal, Spain, Belgium and Holland together. Yet its total population is less than 900,000, concentrated principally in the three main centers of Corumbá, Cuiabá and Campo Grande. The bulk of the state's 487,479 square miles is a steaming morass of jungles and swamps. Here the rivers are the only roads, and the airplane is the beast of burden.

In the dry season the only tracks through the wilderness are cattle trails, littered often with the bleached skeletons of fish left behind by last season's floods. In November, when the rains drench the lowlands, drowning vegetation, and

imals and not infrequently men, the *pantanal*, as this area is called, becomes a vast waterlogged breeding ground for billions of insects. Throughout this annual cycle of destruction and renewal the great forests that punctuate the swamps like lofty exclamation points, giving the Mato Grosso its name and substance for its formidable reputation, provide hunting ground and haven for the jaguar.

The Brazilians do not call the big cat jaguar, or *tigre*, as it is known in most Latin countries, but *onça* (pronounced *owah*), and they say the word in reverent, melodious tones. Nor do they speak simply of *onça*, but always of *the onça*, as if it were not a species (*Felis onca*) but a single, supernatural creature. And well does the *onça* justify their awe.

There is no cat so difficult to hunt (a fact best emphasized by the absence of jaguars in a majority of otherwise extensive trophy collections) nor is there any animal on this side of the globe so challenging. The jaguar's range is part of the reason. Most of the big cats of the world have managed, however unwillingly, to coexist with man. Tigers, in fact, inhabit some of the most densely populated regions in India. But the jaguar cannot withstand even the first fingers of civilization. Wherever people move in, it moves out. Thus it is found only in the wildest and most remote parts of the New World.

And, unlike the other big cats, the jaguar will rarely if ever come to a hunt. It chooses its own quarry and makes its own kills. The African leopard, in contrast, seems to consider it perfectly natural to find a dead antelope high in a tree. The lion welcomes a free meal, and the tiger seldom finds cause for suspicion in the ropes that tether a young bullock close to its haunts. All these cats—the African leopard, the lion and the tiger—can eventually be lured to the hunter, and this is the way they generally are taken. But the hunter must go to the jaguar.

For almost three weeks I followed the *onça's* trail through the Mato Grosso, galloping on horseback along the muddy edges of blossom-covered swamps, wading seas of wild cotton that stood higher than my head, crawling into brush so thick we could hack only narrow tunnels through the thorny maze, probing the dark caverns of ancient forests.

These days were some of the best I have ever known. They began usually in the predawn, before the sudden equatorial sunrise burst in a blaze of red and orange over the *pantanal*, while the ground was still wet with dew and the scents of night creatures were fresh in the air. We left camp each morning in a confusion of horses, dogs and Indians whose faces changed mysteriously from day to day as new Indians came to hunt with us and old ones grew tired of the chase or restless to move on. Our basic party was five—Alberto, Bob, myself and two wiry, wonderful vaqueiros named Darzenha and Josepha.

Darzenha, our headman, was a fearless, devil-may-care *caboclo* who looked as if he could outdistance the dogs as he raced before us through the jungle on huge bare feet. He flirited uninhibitedly with the few Indian women we met, prancing and strutting like a peacock, blue shirt open to

the waist and a great gold chain around his neck. The women giggled. The children adored him. And the men, including husbands, respected him. But Darzenha's two real loves were his machete and his .45.

Years ago he had been a wild and heavy drinker, and there are rumors of a man having been shot on one of his wetter nights. In any case, Darzenha suffered the Mato Grosso's severest penalty: his revolver was confiscated. The one he wears now is an elaborate Smith & Wesson, a gift from Alberto after one of their hunts together. The price of the gift was temperance, and Darzenha paid it eagerly.

Far more useful in the jungle was Darzenha's machete—a knife that hangs from every belt in the Mato Grosso. Without the razor-sharp 18-inch blade no man could travel far in the jungle. In the hands of an expert like Darzenha, it felled vines, thickets, branches and even small trees at a single swift stroke. His technique was always an indication of how the day's hunt was going. When we were just scouting he meticulously manuevered our paths, trimming away the most unthrifty vines and twigs. But when the dogs quickened their pace, as if they might be on game, Darzenha chopped only what was necessary and ignored the finishing touches.

When we lost our way, as we did several times, it was Josepha who would step in and take charge and point out the direction. He was always somewhere close, quiet and unassuming, lacking the flamboyance and color of Darzenha but none of his strength and courage. Josepha's 65 years in the jungle had taught him most of what there is to know about the country and had given him the wisdom to let the other fellow make the first mistake.

In contrast to the muscular Darzenha, Josepha was tiny even by Brazilian standards. He stood just barely 5 feet tall and could not have weighed 100 pounds. But he rode only the fastest, most rambunctious horses, and there was never any question between them about who was boss.

Our horses were remarkable. I have ridden many in many places, from Thoroughbred Arabian stallions in Persia to champion Tennessee Walkers in our South, but these were the most enjoyable I have ever been on. They are unique to the Mato Grosso, small, sturdy descendants of Arabian-English stock, bred over generations to meet the particular demands of the *pantanal*, from which they get the name *pantaneiros*. There are thousands and thousands of *pantaneiros* in the Mato Grosso, where every mare is used only for breeding and no self-respecting vaqueiro would be found riding one.

The *pantaneiro* is somewhat smaller than a polo pony—the right size for getting under low-hanging branches—with much of the polo pony's agility. Unlike the latter, it never seems to tire. Nor does the heat bother it at all. For 20 consecutive days that were often 10 and 12 hours long, I rode my horse, Cabral, harder than I have ever dared ride any horse, over much rougher terrain, with only brief rests and little if any relief from the sun. Yet never once was he lathered. And no matter how hard the day had been, he was always game for one last gallop.

continued

In their own way, the dogs were as remarkable as the horses and every bit as important to the hunt. Our pack boasted some of the best jaguar hounds in the Mato Grosso, although appearances belied this fact. There is no special jaguar breed, and looks clearly have little to do with jaguar-hunting ability. We had dogs that resembled over-sized pointers and others that looked like terrier-eared dachshunds. Basically they were hounds, but they came in an imaginative variety of colors, shapes and sizes. The best were fierce and vicious fighters, and all were tireless hunters.

Although most hunts wound up on foot, every hunt started out on horseback with the dogs. Sometimes we rode toward a specific destination, more often we had no destination at all. We would range one day to the east, another to the west, looking for signs of vultures that would indicate a kill nearby and giving the dogs opportunity to cover the area for the scent of a cat that might have passed in the night. If an Indian brought us news of a fresh cattle kill, we investigated, because the *onça*, although it may roam great distances, sometimes stays in one area for a few days after a big kill. Beef is perhaps its favorite food, and the Mato Grosso offers an unlimited supply. On the big cattle farms, or *fazendas*, which stretch over hundreds of square miles, herds range wild and unprotected most of the year.

Generally the *onça* will kill cows and calves, but even the gross, humped patriarchs of the herd are not safe. Where we hunted, an *onça* had recently killed a 1,200-pound bull and then dragged it more than two miles to water. With gourmet thrills as well as tastes, the *onça* prefers to dine where it can also drink. During the Mato Grosso's seasonal drought, water is much scarcer than food.

Food, in fact, presents so little a problem to the *onça* in the *pantanal* that it frequently does not bother to return to yesterday's kill, varying its diet of beef with a horse or an alligator. Alligators, or, more accurately, the South American cayman, are everywhere there is water. Sometimes they are so numerous in a single pond that their protruding eyes make the surface resemble an inverted egg carton. Sometimes the tangled sea of vegetation that turns fetid lagoons into brilliant patchworks of greens, yellows and vermillion hides them entirely from view. Often, as we plunged across such swamps or rode along their edges, we set off sudden reptilian explosions that stirred plants and water into whirlpools all around us.

As formidable as the cayman seems, the *jurupé*, as it is known in Brazil, is no match for the *onça*. The big cat can flip a 5-footer onto its back as easily as a tabby might flick

a goldfish from a bowl, drag the *jurupé* with remarkable speed out of the water and deftly slit open its white belly with a single stroke.

Unhindered by traditional feline aversions to water, the *onça* is a strong and skilled swimmer, and it makes the most of its talent. Day after day the hot, fresh scent of a jaguar only minutes ahead of us ended abruptly at the edge of a stream or pond. Sometimes the cat swam straight across and we picked up the scent on the other side, but more often than not it swam a safe distance before again taking to land, or it crossed back and forth, creating numerous false trails that sent the dogs into a frenzy.

About the only animal that is safe from the jaguar in water is the capivara. This whimsical creature, which looks like a round, furry guinea pig and swims like a fish, is the largest rodent in the world (up to 200 pounds) and the biggest nuisance on a jaguar hunt. Our dogs found the capivara irresistible, and they frequently ran it instead of jaguar. This is a breach comparable to a quail dog pointing hedgehogs and is equally as frustrating. There were hundreds of capivara in the area, and each day we lost precious time rounding up errant hounds. To me the word capivara soon came to be one of the two most hated words in the Portuguese language.

The other word was *nada*, which means "nothing." Chase after long wearying chase ended with the same dismal word: *nada*. The jaguar were here. Of that we had no doubt. Many mornings we would find new tracks in the mud; we found kalis so fresh that the blood ran hot; we found the *onça's* bed, still warm from recent sleep; we found its signature raked deep in the bark of trees.

Each time the dogs raced off we followed, sure that this, finally, was it. When the chase led into brush too thick for the horses we went on foot, running and stumbling down sunless, vine-crossed corridors, ignoring slashing thorns and the scorching bite of fire ants. Worst of all the stinging, biting, burrowing creatures that we met on these headlong charges were the *mosa domô*, huge wasps that attack en masse. I stepped into a nest of them on the first day. Suddenly I felt stinging pains shoot across my back and down my arms and legs. I looked to see black wasps the size of quarters all over me. I tried to brush them off as I ran, but they hung on as if glued. Finally I threw my rifle to the ground and literally rapped them from my body. Up ahead Alberto shouted, "Come on. Don't fall behind. There is an *onça* ahead." For one of the rare times of the hunt, I did not care.

There were many other interesting creatures in the Mato Grosso. One morning Bob called me to look at "something unusual." Just next to my cot, caught in the beam of his light, was a tarantula that was easily eight inches across. It was the most grotesque thing I have ever seen. Long reddish-black hair covered its body like thick fur, and it seemed to lean back on the rear sets of its eight legs as it probed the light with two clawlike feelers. Alberto said, "Stay back, *Coronário*. Very fast and very venomous!" One of the Indians rushed up with his *cuzano*, the long-spear that goes

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along on every jaguar hunt, and pinioned it to the ground while another doused it in gasoline and set it afire. I had dressed without a light in exactly that spot about 10 minutes before. There were snakes in the area, too, including bush-masters and fer-de-lances, two of the deadliest in the world, but they kept their distance and so did we.

Despite Machado's warning, we had hoped for numerous game meals. These hopes never materialized. We shot one peccary, which was delicious, and several birds, which were only fair, but basically the forest produced remarkably little natural food. Part of the reason was that we could not afford to spend time hunting any game but jaguar. But beyond that, most amazing to us was that so little of what a man could eat grew wild anywhere in the area. In the midst of so much seeming plenty, there was not an edible berry, nut, fruit or root to be found, and enough of the plants and leaves were poisonous to make sampling them unwise.

If our diet was drab, our camps were unexpectedly luxurious. Instead of tents, we slept in tile-roofed huts complete with cots and mattresses. The 234-square-mile Fazenda da São João, on which we were hunting, had five such huts in its many outposts, each manned by a native family. We were a welcome and unusual change in the utter isolation of outpost life. My clothes and my jewelry especially were objects of long, silent study on the part of the wife and children. Candy rapidly bridged the language barrier with the latter, and my packet of baby pictures proved most fascinating of all not only to the wife, Nativa, but, surprisingly, to the men as well. They carefully passed them from hand to hand, peering at each in the flickering candlelight. Periodically, for the rest of the hunt, they asked me to bring them out for another look.

These people were distinctively different from any of the natives with whom we had hunted in other parts of the world. They were easily the best fed, in spite of a monotonous rice-beans-beef diet, and certainly the most pleasantly independent, with dry humor and unexpected gentleness. Even the toughest man would stop what he was doing to cradle a crying child or to commiserate with a dog that had been scratched by a thorn. Invariably they included the woman, Nativa, in everything, as they did us. Nor was there ever a suggestion of subservience. We ate together, relaxed together, hunted together, and no amount of money could have bought this comradeship.

When the men stopped for the several-times-daily ritual of *gauramu*, that mysterious Indian potion produced in the Amazon and believed throughout the interior to give one strength and I am not quite sure what else, they always mixed one for us, and we drank from the same glass. Nor were we "Boana" or "Memahub"—or their Brazilian equivalent—as we have been on hunts elsewhere in the world. Bob was "Bob" and I was "Jeen—ee," which always made me think I should rise in a puff of smoke from some magic lamp.

We spent 10 days at this first camp, and we were on jaguars nine of those days. All eluded us. "They are very

smart," Alberto said. "If once they have been run, they learn, and they will never tree. If they do not take to the tree, they will always outrun us." Just as we were growing most depressed, word of fresh cattle kills came from another outpost. We hastily loaded gear, cots, mattresses, dehydrated food and other assorted paraphernalia into a very unstable-looking two-wheeled wagon pulled by eight oxen and began the two-day journey. Our luck was even worse here. There had indeed been jaguars in the area and they had killed widely, but by the time we arrived they were gone. We spent three days hunting from this camp, and we did not once come across a fresh trail. The dogs were tired after so many days without rest, and this part of the *fazenda* was extremely dry, which made tracking difficult. Our time was running out.

The three remaining outposts reported no signs of the *onça* anywhere. One by one, the Indians who had been hunting with us had left, and we were now down to our original party of five. Although we would again lose two days in traveling, we decided to return to the first camp where we had at least found fresh signs of the *onça* at almost every turn. This time, however, we were going to hunt by new rules. Instead of 4 a.m. we would all rise at 3, so that we could be farther from camp by sunup, which was the best hunting part of the day. We would eat lunch breaks in half and cut rest breaks out entirely. We had only two more days to hunt, but we were going to put everything we had left into them.

From the moment we returned to Camp 1, I felt somehow convinced that our luck had changed. Heading out through the darkness the next morning, we felt a special excitement in the air. The waking songs of the birds were merrier than ever before. New dogs had mysteriously joined the pack in the night, and a smiling young gaucho had ridden four days to hunt with us. Almost immediately commotion broke out ahead, and halfway up a tree we saw a fat, golden-furred anteater. Josefa was disgusted. It was the only time we ever saw his calm disturbed.

"It is the very worst kind of bad luck," Alberto explained. "To see an anteater means that there will be no hunting all day. Josefa says we might just as well go back now, for there will be no *onça* today."

"Tell Josefa," I said to Alberto, "that we come from the other side of the equator, where everything is opposite to here. His summer is our winter. His fall is our spring. What is bad luck for him will be good luck for us. Now I know that we shall meet the *onça*."

We did not strike a hot trail until late afternoon. It led

continued

us finally into thick brush, through which we chopped and crawled in one direction and then another. The dogs seemed confused, and they backtracked several times. Finally we realized that one of them had stopped in the center of a massive mound of thorns and brics. It was growling in long, low rumbles.

We spent almost 10 minutes chopping through the brush, and still we could see nothing. All the time the dog growled as he might over a bone that another dog was trying to take from him. Then Josepha dropped to his knees and disappeared into the thicket. The dog growled louder. Josepha said something in a sharp voice. Minutes later he reappeared carrying a small, crumpled ball of spotted fur about the size of a Siamese cat. The dogs had found the den of the *onça* and destroyed its cub.

We were heartbroken. It was a beautiful silken kitten no more than a few days old; a tragic, needless waste. But we could not blame the dog. Small jaguars smell like big ones. Fighting cats to the death is the dog's job and lifetime training. We could not expect it to stop to consider age.

We covered the area all around the den until almost dark. Nearby we found the freshly killed carcass of a capivara on which the *onça* had been feeding.

"The mother is nursing and will be close by," Alberto said. "She will return to her cub. We will come back to this place tomorrow before daylight, and we will find her here. The female is much braver than the male and she will be very dangerous. She will know we have been here and will be angry and waiting for us. If you do not shoot straight, we might lose a dog—or one of us."

Conflicting thoughts ran through my mind as we rode out the next morning to our rendezvous with a moment for which I had been waiting 10 years. Had I the right to ask these people to risk their lives for my whim? Could I keep them from doing so if I wanted? And had I the right to risk my own life, if, indeed, that was what I was doing? Would I be brave before this great cat? Or would I panic? I had stood the charge of an angry elephant and had faced a grizzly bear in thick alders. I had been sounded by a shark and stalked by a Cape buffalo. But each situation is different. Each challenge is new. I had no guarantee that I could meet this one as I had met the others. In those last moments on that long ride of the final day I prayed that no one would be hurt. And I prayed that I would be brave.

We left our horses at the edge of the brush and started in on foot. Nobody spoke. We moved swiftly in single file along yesterday's trail, the dogs fanning out ahead, testing the ground and air for scent. Then the lead dog howled, and the others took up the cry. We plunged after them, glancing nervously into the brush as we ran. The dogs circled, racing past us. They circled again, still howling as they backtracked a second time. They stopped at the edge of a broad bayou. Some of the dogs swam across. The rest remained on our side, quartering the bank. The barking died to a weary yap. Then from the thick bushes across the bayou it started again, loud and excited.

Darzenha nodded and motioned us to follow. He waded into the thigh-deep water. At his right a dark shape broke upon the surface. A tremendous bellow, like a lion's roar, rolled on the morning still. Darzenha drew his .45 and took another step forward. I started in behind him. From our left came another roar. Josepha moved forward and put his hand on my arm. He motioned me to wait. It was a reprieve. The murky water was now dotted with eyes, and piranhas plucked at the surface. Expressionlessly Josepha tossed a stick into the water in front of Darzenha. Instantly another huge shape rolled to the surface. All around us the terrible, thunderous roars of the *jacaré*s filled the air. Darzenha leaped for the bank, pushing me before him, and we raced along the water's edge looking for a way around. Some of the dogs had made it across, but in that sinister pool one of us surely would not have been as lucky.

The dogs now had a long lead. Their barking slowed to a rhythmic yap. Darzenha shouted, encouraging them with the shrill jungle calls of his ancestors. The trail wound hopelessly through the thickets. The dogs increased their lead. Then just ahead we saw daylight. Darzenha stopped short. Alberto said, "The *onça* has crossed the open." Far ahead we could see the dogs bouncing like rubber balls across the tangled marsh grass. Catching up with them on foot was impossible.

We ran back to where we had left the horses hours before. Stretching themselves in a final surge of speed, the horses brought us to the edge of a forest, and in a single motion I was out of the saddle and off at a run. Somewhere ahead the dogs had stopped. They were harking in a steady chant. I was so close behind Darzenha that I stepped on his heels when he came to a stop. He listened, translating the messages of the dogs. Bob ran up behind, his sleeve red from the long slash of a thorn. We all moved forward, slowly, approaching the dogs a step at a time. We could not see them.

"It is on the ground," Alberto panted. "The *onça* has chosen to fight. You will have but an instant to shoot. You will see no more than a flash of yellow moving at you in this brush."

Something yellow moved directly ahead. Instinctively I raised my rifle. It was a dog. Three more materialized in the bushes. They were moaning and crying at the base of a dense patch of briars.

"Be ready," Alberto said. "Don't look down. Keep your eyes and your rifle at waist level. That is where you will see the *onça*. Not on the ground."

Darzenha moved alongside me and hacked at the thicket. We inched forward. The dogs crawled ahead on their bel-

lies, growling in low rumbles. At my shoulder Alberto whispered, "Soon. Now it is cornered. It must come this way. Be ready."

My mouth was dry. For the thousandth time I rechecked the safety, not daring to take my eyes from the dark shadows ahead. Suddenly one of the dogs sprang forward, disappearing under the brush. His whine rose to a howl. Darzenha slapped the brush with the side of his machete. "Nada!" he said. "Nada! Nada! Nada!"

The *onça* had tricked us again. We spent an hour retracking the area, trying to figure out how. Unquestionably it had stopped in that briar patch, but it had either escaped from the other side or the dogs had been running the trail backward from its beginning at the *bayou*. We remounted and started back toward camp, still not quite believing that the chase was ended. Of the dozens of chases we had made before, none had so completely aroused our hopes and our imaginations.

We had long ago missed lunch, the sun was now at its most unbearable peak and we were all very much ready for a recharge of *gswind* at the first shady spot. Even the horses, for the first time, were beginning to show signs of wear; the dogs were exhausted. They dragged themselves across a horseshoe of mud to a shaded point on the other side. But in the instant that the first dog touched the bank, everything changed.

As if electrified, he threw his head into the air and bellowed. The other dogs bounded alongside him. In a blur of white and brown they were off across the point, yipping hysterically as they tore along a trail that was not minutes, but seconds old. In the mud the deep impression of a paw was beginning to fill with water. This was no mother seeking a missing cub. This was a giant disturbed at its midday rest. In one voice we yelled "onça!" and all the weariness vanished with the fury of our ride.

A branch struck me on the shoulder, knocking me off balance. I rolled to the ground, grabbing my rifle as I fell. Darzenha was already on foot, and I knew this time that he would wait for no one. Never had the barking of the dogs been so wild; never had the *onça* been so close. All the frustrations of the past three weeks infused me with a strength that was not my own. I tripped and stumbled and fell, but my feet kept moving forward, carrying me around logs, over vines, under bushes, guided only by the screaming of the dogs and the flash of Darzenha's blue shirt as the distance.

It seemed that the trail went on forever. It broke out into marshes, doubled back into tall palms, twisted and turned through thorn thickets. I was bleeding and bruised and blinded by perspiration. Suddenly I was thrown headlong, my foot caught in a noose of vines behind me. Frantically I tried to rip myself free. I could hear Alberto coming behind me, the dried roots of other seasons crackling like kindling beneath his feet. I shouted for help, and he swung his machete at my shackles. As my foot pulled free I felt the blow of his knife on my heel and did not know until

later that its blade had slashed with a razor's stroke through a quarter inch of leather to my sock inside. At that moment I knew only that the *onça* was near.

There was no pattern now to the chase. We raced in circles, bumping into each other, plunging blindly through thickets that led nowhere and down trails we had just run. All around us great trees rose like the spires of a vast cathedral, blocking out the sun. We zigzagged among them, following fleeting blurs of color.

"Here it comes," Alberto shouted. "Behind you! Behind you!" Even as I swung around, the dogs veered off in still another direction.

"It is circling," he yelled. "Be ready!" A dog flashed by me, howling hysterically.

"This way," Alberto called. "This is it!" A colony of monkeys screamed agreement, and the harsh screech of a macaw accented the din. Alberto sprinted forward, waving his arms in wild gesture. I ran after him, no longer sure of what was happening. I did not know if he had seen the *onça* or not. Darzenha burst from the brush at my side, his .45 held high in the air. Up ahead I could see the others break into a clearing. We were all converging on one spot. Everyone was yelling at once.

Then abruptly there was quiet. The incessant, insistent sounds of the jungle stopped as though by command. The only noise I was conscious of was the pounding of my own blood. I felt myself crouching as I scanned the brush on all sides. Then I looked up—and there was my jaguar. It was hugging the forked branch of a tree above me. For a moment we studied each other. In the lengthening afternoon shadows a long tail flicked once, and a great golden paw punched menacingly at the stall air. As I sighted along the barrel of my rifle, I could see sinewy muscle begin to flex and tighten beneath the spotted shoulder. But by then the contest was over.

END



At the end of the hunt, the author holds her trophy which, if edible for Bissau and Crockett's liking, would be the strength largest.

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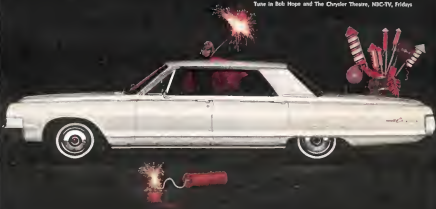
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Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

The usual jockeying for championship for college basketball's two postseason tournaments is about to begin. When nations go out on February 24 both the NCAA—already crowned 15 conference champions and with 10 at-large places, to fill—and New York's NIT, which has 14 spots this year, cast pick from a short list of contenders. The best: Providence (18-0), Villanova (17-3), Penn State (15-3), St. John's (14-3), Boston College (16-4) and NYU (11-5) in the East, DePaul (15-6), Dayton (15-6), Detroit (15-6) and Notre Dame (12-9) in the Midwest, Florida State (14-7) in the South, Houston (17-6), Oklahoma City (16-8) and Texas Western (12-8) in the Southwest, Seattle (15-6), Colorado State (12-6) and Portland (12-9) in the West.

THE EAST

THE TOP THREE: 1. PROVIDENCE (18-0)
2. ST. JOHN'S (14-3) 3. VILLANOVA (17-3)

Providence was still the only major unbeaten team in the land, but so far as Philadelphia's rabid basketball fans were concerned that was just temporary. They were sure Villanova would take the Friars when they met in Philly February 23. The only thing they could not agree on was whether St. Joseph's (already beaten by Providence) or Villanova was the best in the East. But that will be settled, too, next Saturday when the two teams play at the Palestra.

And just to keep the pot boiling, all three were winning. Providence rolled over St. Francis of Loreto 88-69, but Daeguiste treated Coach Joe Mullaney's continuation defense with unusual disdain, and the Friars had to go to a press to win their 18th straight 83-75. St. John's battered Albright 92-71 and Temple 73-59, while Villanova caught St. John's without ailing Bobby McInerney and clipped the Redmen 52-43. The Wildcats also beat St. Bonaventure 77-64. St. John's, however, got Bobby Mac back for Niagara, and he scored 26 points as the Redmen won 82-62.

Penn State was still surprising folks. Army tried a delay game against the Lions' zone, and it got the Cadets a 21-19 lead early in the second half. Then Coach John Egan put State into a half-court press. Army fell apart, Jim Reed and Carver Clinton led a 12-point burst, and the Lions won 59-44. NYU beat Holy Cross 84-73 and St. Francis of N.Y. 88-68, while Boston College outscored Boston U. 94-86 and Fordham 89-78.

Connecticut clinched a tie for the Yankee Conference title with a 70-63 win over Massachusetts and then beat Holy Cross 87-76. Cornell dumped Brown 90-69 to hold its Ivy lead, while second-place Princeton swamped Harvard 76-55 and Dartmouth 103-84.

THE SOUTH

THE TOP THREE: 1. DAVIDSON (20-0)
2. GUNN (16-3) 3. TENNESSEE (13-0)

For years Tennessee's pleasant Ray Meers has been confounding foes with something

he calls his "ultimate defense," a vague version of a match-up zone, which he steadfastly refuses to explain. "It's a secret," Meers insists. "No coach can ever figure it out, and even our own players don't know the secret." Last Saturday at Knoxville Meers's secret was still inviolable. Heshredville's 6-foot-9 Clyde Lee and the boards, and Lee got only four field goals and six rebounds. John Ed Miller, another Vandy hotshot, was held scoreless from the field. Meanwhile, Tennessee's outside shooters, A (for Arvo) W (for Watsel) Davis and Ron Widly, firing over screens that moved two place with the slick precision of a marching band, each scored 22 points and the Vols beat Vanderbilt 79-66 to take over the Southeastern Conference lead.

Vanderbilt's defeat, its first in the league this year, got at least one other SEC coach excited, too. Kentucky's Adolph Rupp, whose third-place (8-3) team mashed Mississippi State 74-56 for its fifth in a row, mixed out loud, "Everybody beats everybody else these days. This may be just the chance for a team like our 1958 'Fiddlin' Five' to come down the road and fiddle right into the throne room." Maybe so, but a sounds more like wishful thinking by The Baron.

Duke had the regular-season Atlantic Coast title all wrapped up. The eager Blue Devils, after winning a 78-67 overtime squeaker from North Carolina State on the late shooting of Jack Marin and sophomore Bob Verga, trampled poor Virginia nearly to death 136-72 for a new ACC scoring record, and then recovered from a half-time tie to whip Wake Forest 93-80 as Marin got 26 points to finish the week with 78 in three games. But Duke must still win its silly postseason league tournament to get to the NCAA tournament. And Coach Vic Bubbs worries about North Carolina, the only ACC team to beat his Blue Devils. The Tar Heels, with Billy Cunningham and sophomore Bobby Lewis each putting in 35 points, racked up Wake Forest 107-91. Davidson also clinched the Southern Conference title and top seeding in its league

tournament, but not before the Wildcats had some nervous moments. West Virginia was easy for Davidson, going down 103-80 as Fred Hetzel scored 34 points. Ninth-place Furman, however, played a dawdling game, and it almost caught the Wildcats. Hetzel went out on fouls with 16 minutes to go and Davidson barely won 55-50. Then Davidson beat Richmond 83-73 for its 20th straight.

Miami's superb Rick Barry, the country's No. 1 scorer (37.3 per game), got 51 in a 141-110 clobbering of Tampa and 28 more as the Hurricanes trounced Loyola of New Orleans 115-86. Memphis State surprised Dayton 77-71, and Eastern Kentucky, a 105-73 winner over Murray State, took over the Ohio Valley lead when Southern upset Western Kentucky 66-55.

THE MIDWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. MICHIGAN (20-1)
2. INDIANA (16-3) 3. MINNESOTA (14-3)

Life at the top of the Big Ten was not at all simple for Michigan. In fact, some critics thought they detected an occasional air of boredom lately among the talented Wolverines, because they do have an annoying habit of playing 1-1-1 basketball unless they are stung. Last week Iowa got ahead of them 20-15, but then Carrie Russell and his friends went after the Hawkeyes with a half-court press and it all but blew the astonished visitors off the court. Michigan ran off 19 straight points and went on to win easily 83-66. Michigan State had the Wolverines 83-38 at half time, and that inspired Coach Dave Strack to some tongue-lashing

—Mervin Hyman



DRIVING HARD for the basket, Duke's Bob Verga slips under outstretched arm of Virginia's Ken Goble in record 136-72 win in Durham.

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BASKETBALL'S WEEK

in the locker room. He berated big Bill Buntin for his ineffectiveness under the boards and told Russell to shoot more. Both reacted. Buntin took charge of the boards, Russell shot in 32 points and Michigan won 98-83.

Meanwhile, the chase continued. Second-place MINNESOTA belied Illinois 105-90 on the 29-point shooting of Lou Hudson, third-place Iowa recovered to edge Ohio State 82-81 on Chris Perrell's short jumper with six seconds to play, INDIANA, tied with Illinois for fourth, bombed Michigan State 112-94 and took Northwestern 86-76.

About all that was left in the Missouri Valley was second prize. WISCONSIN, despite a shocking 75-72 defeat by INDIANA in Pittsburgh, was unbeatable in the conference. The Shockers thoroughly confused Cincinnati with a variety of defenses and whipped the Bearcats 76-64. The fight for second was closer. KENTUCKY held the upper hand after beating Bradley 80-78 on John Reuther's 20-footer with four seconds to go, but ST. LOUIS was in it, too. The Bills beat North Texas State 83-60 and Tulsa 66-59.

Low-place NEBRASKA, so badly undermanned that Coach Joe Cipriano sized up Student Manager Jim Sullivan to give his Huskers some kind of a bench, was busy giving the Big Eight a new look. Nebraska beat Kansas State 62-57 for the first time in 22 years at Manhattan, then it portayed a full-contact press and a judicious mixture of fast break and half control into a 66-59 win over Colorado. KANSAS was also coming on strong, but the only difference was that the Jayhawks had a chance to catch front-running OKLAHOMA STATE. With 6-foot-11 Walt Wesley throwing in 72 points, Kansas beat Missouri 71-60 and Oklahoma 74-57. Oklahoma State, with Coach Hank Iba nervously gulping pills, also took Kansas State 52-49, the first time ever for the Cowboys at Manhattan.

NOTRE DAME gave DePaul Coach Ray Meyer, a distinguished alumnus, a plaque and a rocking chair at half time, and then all kinds of strange things happened to Meyer and his team. Playmaker Jim Murphy was told by a kindly official, "You better get used to being hit on the arm when you shoot." With 1-14 showing on the clock and DePaul behind 57-55, Notre Dame called a time-out. When play resumed, there was only 1-14 showing on the clock. Oh yes, the Irish won 62-59. Notre Dame also beat Ohio U. 94-86, at South Bend.

MIAMI OF OHIO, bracing for its Mid-American showdown with Ohio Wednesday at Athens, wallowed Xavier 97-68 and Western Michigan 93-68.

THE SOUTHWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. HOUSTON (37-6)
2. TEXAS TECH (28-6) 3. TEXAS (28-6)

It was a trying but, in the end, a most pleasurable week on the road for TEXAS TECH'S

Southwest Conference leaders. First the Raiders had to struggle to hold off Texas A&M 82-76 in overtime at College Station. Then Tech ran smack into a sticky SMU zone defense in Dallas, the same kind that had beaten Baylor 76-74. The SMU zone pinched off little Playmaker Dub Malone, the Raiders flourished around like lone kittens and SMU led 44-41 at the half. But Coach Gene Gibson shoved Malone closer to the sidelines and he began to score and hit his shooters with accurate power. SMU came out of its zone and Tech quickly made a shambles of the Ponies' man-to-man. Malone scored 25 points and Tech won 82-72.

But the Raiders were not yet out of the woods. TEXAS, a Johnny-come-lately, was waiting for them, all alone in second place after getting past Arkansas 81-65 and Rice 75-72. The two teams were scheduled to play Tuesday in Lubbock. Baylor, too, was still alive after surviving a 43-point spree by Texas A&M's John Beasley to beat the Aggies 84-77.

HOUSTON'S, Guy Lewis, meanwhile, was delighted with his Cougars. They ran like Thoroughbreds, shot like demons and romped Tynny 139-87 and Centenary 95-84. Lewis is now convinced that his team will make a postseason tournament.

THE WEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. UCLA (28-2)
2. SAN FRANCISCO (27-3) 3. NEW MEXICO (28-2)

The field house at Utah State University in Logan was dark Saturday night. The sorrowing Aggies just did not have the heart to play Texas Western without Wayne Estes, their star and the nation's No. 2 scorer with 33.7 points a game. Estes, after scoring 48 points as his team beat Denver 91-62 Monday night, accidentally walked into a high-voltage wire on campus and was killed.

Washington's Huskies, who had scored the powder-blue pants off UCLA's Bruins a week earlier, worked long and diligently against a press as they prepared for a rematch in Seattle's Edmundson Pavilion. For 20 minutes the Huskies' efforts paid off. They were tied with UCLA 34-34 at half time. Then the quick Bruins put on the pressure. They stole the ball repeatedly, sophomore Edgar Lacey and Keith Erickson threw in 13 quick points and UCLA went on to win 83-73. But the next night at Pullman, Washington State, beaten by 52 points the week before, almost got the Bruins. This time surprised UCLA barely made it 70-68.

The Western AC had a new leader—NEW MEXICO, which destroyed Brigham Young 89-70 (page 52). SAN FRANCISCO took Pepperdine 62-69 and Loyola of Los Angeles 82-68 to hold its lead in the West Coast AC. SEATTLE, rolling on to a tournament berth, routed Hawaii 98-62 and Idaho 97-76, but Colorado State suffered a setback. The slow-down Rams lost to DENVER 65-60.

END

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

MARSHMALLOWS AND PUNCH

Sirs:

All credit to Tex Maule for his story on the Patterson-Chuvale fight (*Olati—bar Don't Bring an Clay*, Feb. 8). Only such calm analysis by a knowing critic could illuminate the truth of a contest made to seem exciting by the tremendous enthusiasm and response of 19,100 fans (myself included) to the wide-open, free-swinging style of Patterson and the plodding, belly-bruising style of Chuvale. The two men put on a great show, and boxing can't help but benefit from it. However, as Maule pointed out, neither man showed true championship form in his performance. Maule did, however, make a couple of statements to which I object. First, I cannot for a minute entertain the notion that Floyd Patterson's punches are "made of marshmallow." Too often throughout his long career, especially in his earlier fights, Floyd has proved that he can hit. Against Chuvale, Floyd was fighting backing up, which is not his usual style. Hence, to throw his left hook (by far his better punch) he had first to stop and plant his feet, and then swing. By doing this, Floyd tipped the punch off and Chuvale always had his jaw well protected.

I also object to the contention that Patterson would not be able to stand up to the punishment Clay or Liston is capable of inflicting. Liston, yes, Clay, no. Clay is strictly a "headhunter" who does even less inflicting than Patterson, if that is possible. He ties up his man better than Patterson but is strictly defensive inside. This would again benefit Patterson, since his carelessness inside would not hurt him. Thus, I give Floyd a good chance against Caisses, and I am sure no matter who wins, it would be a great, great fight.

Let's see it!

JIM THIRSK

New York City

Sirs:

A point made by Maule that really irritates me is his statement that the fight "failed to live up to its atmosphere of a momentous sporting occasion." I am sure that the people who paid fantastic sums to see the first Patterson-Luton encounter would rather have seen a boxing match like last week's than the joke that they did see.

Hi-Way W. HOBSON III

Chapel Hill, N.C.

Sirs:

It is true that Patterson was twice beaten badly. But the fact that he has made such a comeback shows that he has courage—

and an interest in boxing. He is well off financially and needs nothing from boxing. Rather, boxing needs people like him.

ROMAN MARTINEZ IV

Lenox, Mass.

MEDALISTS

Sirs:

In regard to the U.S. Golf Association's recent changes in the format of the U.S. Open from a 36-hole finish to 18 holes a day for four days, here is one reader who casts his vote with 54 and tradition (SCOTTISMAN, Feb. 8 and 15). As you noted, this tournament was more than a test of shotmaking. It was a test of strength and courage and the ability to go on hitting the right shots as the pressure continued to build during the last day. Anyone witnessing this type of championship performance will never forget it. In 1951 I watched Ben Hogan play the 36-hole windup at Oakland Hills, and even though he could hardly walk after completing the morning 18, he still brought "the monster" to its knees with his never-to-be-forgotten final-round 67. Would it have been as memorable a round had it been shot on Sunday after a night's rest? I doubt it. This change is as ridiculous as if they changed the Kentucky Derby from a mile and a quarter to one mile because the horses are getting too tired.

JACK OVERPECK

Royal Oak, Mich.

Sirs:

Changing the Amateur from match to medal play is a tragedy. I think it is sad that another competitive sports event is abandoning the excitement and glory of a man-to-man battle for a contest of patient, mechanical skill against the clock, the tape or a stroke counter. How about crowning the World Series champ on the basis of total bases or runs instead of this silly best-of-seven thing?

I remember an Irishman, Ron Delany, who seemed never able to beat a grandfather's clock when he ran against time but somehow managed to trounce everybody in a foot race. I think there's much to be said for the man who can judiciously draw on his supply of adrenaline at the precise moment that separates the winner from the also-rans. Even in chess, that greatest test of steady nerves and constant concentration, the champion is the man who wins the most—or loses the fewest—matches, not the one who uses the fewest moves through the tournament.

JOHN RICHARD

Chicago

Sirs:

The switch from match to medal play will allow the most skillful player to win. In the past, such excellent amateurs as Deane Beman have been eliminated early when they have had an off day or drawn a hot opponent. The switch will help rectify this. As for making the Open easier, when I want to see plain stamina I'll watch a 10,000-meter race. Golf, though it involves stamina, is primarily a game of skill. I would like to see the most talented player win, not the one with the most endurance.

J. M. BOYD

Lexington, Va.

Sirs:

Yes, as Mr. Oey said, the changes are "deplorable as far as tradition is concerned." But if they were the correct thing to do "in the context of the times," then it is also time to change the rules so that all golfers can get some of the spoils. Since the objective of the USGA now is riches, it should also rescind the antiquated Rules of Amateur Status and allow John Hodge to keep his Mustang, allow the winners of the "Boat Ring Contest" to have their free golfing trips and allow all of us "unscrupulous" weekend golfers to win a quarter or two. Is there really some reason for distinguishing between amateur and professional now?

PAUL ULLMAN

Bay Village, Ohio

FIVE-TIME LOSERS

Sirs:

As a longtime spectator of high school basketball games, I am heartily in favor of John Nuetola's recommendation (SCOTTISMAN, Feb. 15) that basketball players be allowed to remain in the game after having committed five fouls. The rule change would be particularly welcome in high school games, where the officiating is not of high caliber and the officials are often inconsistent in their calls. I have seen scores of fouls called on high school players that were flagrant errors—either no foul was committed or the referee called the foul on the wrong player. The result is that a player who has actually committed, say, two fouls is charged with five and is ejected from the game. The non-ejection rule would make the officials' errors less calamitous for the players and the teams.

WALTER DEUNY

Flushing, N.Y.

HERE COMES CHRIS

Sirs:

Please tell me what has happened to Chris Blocker, your rookie pro golfer (*Robbers* continued)

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DETH HOLE

Chase King, Jan. 18). I worry about him. Is he still with the tour? Has he made any more money? I study the list of scores but never see his name. Poor Blocker. Take care of him, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**. After all, you invented him.

ANGUS G. ADLER JR.

Roslyn, N.Y.

• **SI's** rabbit is still in there chasing the kungs. In the five weeks since the L.A. Open he has 1) tied for 21st at San Diego and won \$505, 2) missed the \$4-hole cut at the Crosby, 3) failed to qualify, by a single stroke, for the Lucky International, 4) won \$78.13 by tying for 20th in the small Hope of Tomorrow at Palm Desert and 5) led for 25th in the Phoenix Open to win \$660.72.—E.D.

WESTWARD HO

Sirs:

Congratulations on your excellent article about Los Angeles Laker Jerry West, who no doubt is the greatest basketball player West Virginia has ever produced (*Sounding Horns for the Lakers*, Feb. 8). Watching Jerry play his four years at West Virginia University and receive all top basketball awards with unbeatable humility was indeed inspiring to all those who follow in his footsteps. The WVU field house has yet to see as many standing ovations as Jerry received.

DAVE ZINN

Morgantown, W. Va.

Sirs:

While it is comforting to know that young David West considers his father to be "unbelievable," the article does not offer much supporting evidence for this evaluation. We learn that Jerry West, basketball player, has an 81-inch wingspread and the quickest shot in the game. On the basis of these facts John Underwood not only contends that Jerry West rivals the incomparable Oscar Robertson, but he also implies that West may be even better in some respects. One can only conclude that Mr. Underwood is either blind, insane or a victim of the prevalent Western virus known as "Los Angeles Fanatism," a disease that causes hero-worshipping Angelinos to transform ordinary athletes into superhuman figures. I doubt whether many fans would agree that watching Jerry pump in 25-foot jump shots is more exciting than watching Oscar demonstrate the incredibly varied and refined skills that have made him the best basketball player of all time. And if the "Big G" ever decided to focus exclusively on the basket, instead of feeding his teammates, he would score twice as many points as Jerry West.

SIÂN SEANE

Middletown, Conn.

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Wrestling Gets a Grip on the British

The British taste for rowdy comedy, coursing crazily from Jack Falstaff through the Beatles, is finding new satisfaction in an unabashed mania for professional wrestling. This peculiar art form has caught on like nothing since the Black Bottoms.

It is a bonanza that can persuade as many as 14 million men, women and children, more than a fifth of the population, to sit and watch a television broadcast of a wrestling tournament. Shakespearean tragedy or comic opera cannot compare in pulling power with the barrel-chested battalion of wild men from Borneo, masked devils, evil phantoms, tricky counts and plainer men whose attraction may just be that they really wrestle rather well.

Professional wrestling is currently coming some \$6 million a year in Britain. Such success intrigues sociologists, who wonder what the country is coming to; psychologists, who perceive murky Freudian depths in it all; and the arithmetical wizards of *The Financial Times*, who gravely tot up the figures. Even more extraordinary is that professional wrestlers have reached a point where they are sometimes suspected of honestly wrestling to win.

At the top of the heap is an organization known as Dale Martin Promotions, whose position in the game could be fairly compared to that once enjoyed by Barnum & Bailey in circuses. Started soon after the war, in one small London room with no phone, it is run by Les Martin, who was originally a commercial artist and yearns to go back to his painting, and three Dale brothers, one of whom was once the middleweight champion of Britain. Dale Martin runs sometimes as many as 10 shows a night and 45 shows a week. It prints all its own programs (\$1,000 weekly), tickets, posters and handbills, builds special bodies on trucks to transport its equipment around the country and constructs its own rings. It has also achieved the mark of every prosperous enterprise, an executive suite, which, in the case of Dale Martin, is fitted out with black and gray

armchairs, a gray and white carpet, wallpaper of abstract design, subdued lighting and a nice line in cocktails.

Such gentility is a change from the early days, when wrestling promoters used methods that bordered on gang warfare. They stole each other's wrestlers, uttered nasty threats and often earned them out. Then, in a typical British compromise, the main promoters gathered in a group called Joint Promotions, cut up the country among themselves, started wearing sober suits and putting on shows for charity.

Of the business done by Joint Promotions, Dale Martin is reckoned to have better than half. Two million people annually attend its shows, which are spread over the whole of southern England and Wales. The season never ends. In the summer all the promoters do is follow their insatiable customers to the coastal resorts, garden parties and fetes.

Often more than 500 wrestlers are employed. Some have large fan clubs. A few outstanding wrestlers are estimated to earn up to \$45,000 a year, though the average among the top men is probably more like half this or a bit less. It is good money for a career that can stretch well beyond the age of 40. Jack (Dory) Pye, a wrestling maverick who recently retired at 58, reckoned he made more than a quarter of a million dollars in his time. Billy Two Rivers, billed as a Canadian Red Indian, is among the big money-makers; so is Ricksi Starr, who calls himself an American ballet dancer and does pirouettes in the ring between throws. A newer contender is Harold Toshiyuki Sakata, the actor who plays Oddjob, the valet in the movie *Goldfinger*.

The script usually is the same one used in the U.S.: the bad men fall to the good ones. But sometimes a match will have a sad ending, like an adult western. The nice chap loses. The fans come from all walks of life. The arenas are crammed by beautiful women sighing deeply for their favorites, elegant men strutting in the latest fashion, actors comedians, film stars, retired colonels (lots of them), women with heavily laden handbags to bounce over wrestlers' scowles, and men who lay claim darkly to a knowledge of everything from a stepover toehold to an Indian death lock.

Doubts about whether wrestling is on the level persist. One promoter says candidly: "We don't kid ourselves; it's entertainment. Telling somebody it's a sport is like telling him he's a moron."

—JOHN LOVESEY



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